Saturday Review

June 22, 1963 25¢

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FREEDOM TO HOPE

Effects of a Warless World on The Spiritual Dimension in Man

By William Ernest Hocking

THE HERITAGE OF EDITH HAMILTON

By John Mason Brown

DELACROIX: PROPHET IN PAINT

Katharine Kuh Reports from the Louvre

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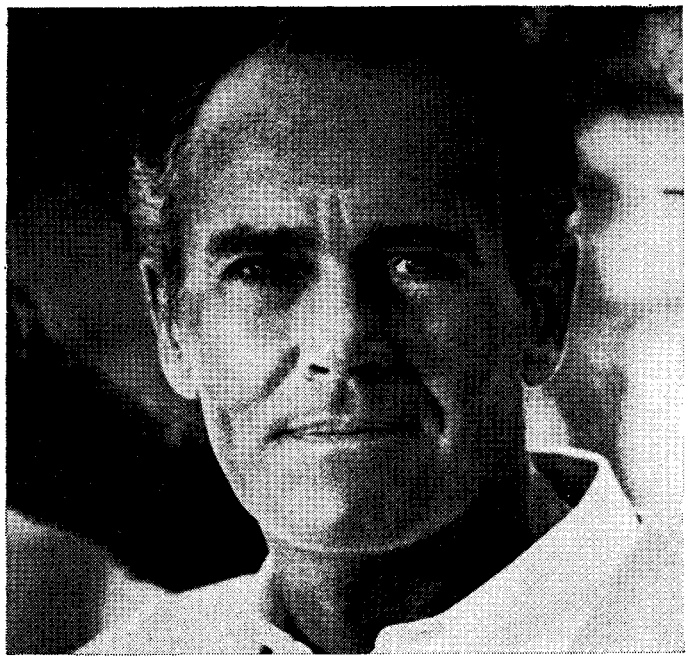

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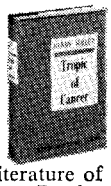

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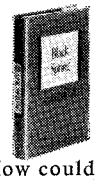

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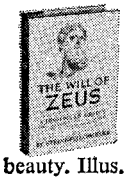

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I belong most emphatically to that school of European travelers which doesn't like being encumbered. I have used as a working slogan "When in doubt, leave it behind" with some success, and have trimmed down the list of absolute necessities to the barest essentials.

One of these essentials is the Michelin Guide which covers the part of the Continent you're traveling in. In order of priority, the little red or green book comes right after money, neck-and-neck with your passport, and way ahead of anything else.

There are, to my mind, three principal ingredients in the success of the Michelin Guides: broad experience is one; unimpeachable honesty is another; and the little symbols are the third. With a few well-chosen symbols – crossed fork and spoon, for instance, or the famous Michelin Stars – the Guides can tell you literally everything you need to know about a hotel, a restaurant, or even a town.

The little symbols make wordy explanations unnecessary, and thus compress the books to a price and a size convenient for every traveler. And they call a spade a spade, too: a tiny outline of a pitcher inside a bowl conveys the stark warning, "no running water;" prices for rooms include the lowest single and best double in the house.

The many Michelin Guides range in price from $2.00 to $3.95, depending on the area covered and the type of Guide. They are prepared by Michelin and distributed in the United States by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies are available at your local bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Saturday Review

June 22, 1963

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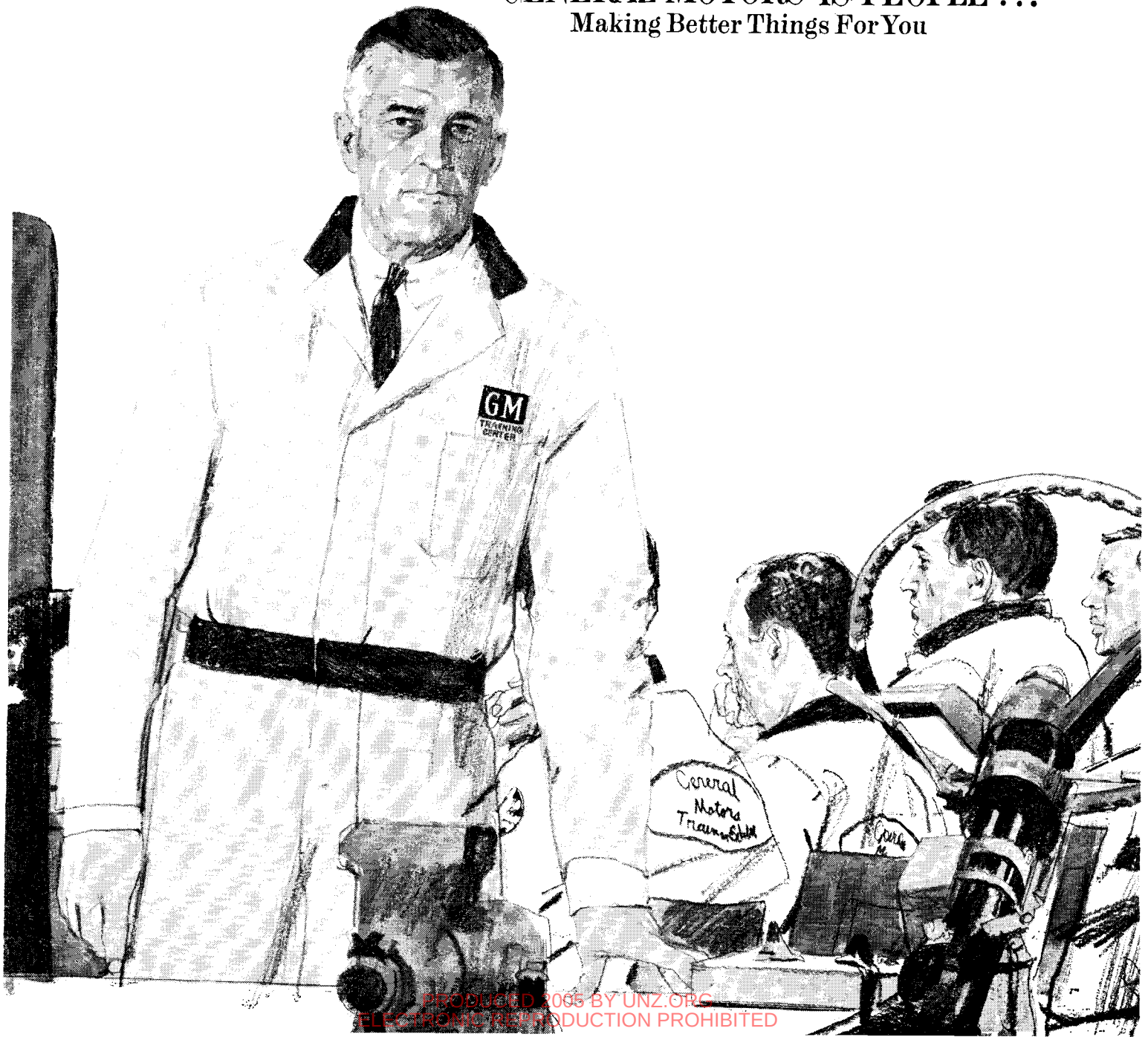

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What Leading Authors Say About Condensations of Their Books by The Editors of Reader's Digest Book Club

WHAT do authors think about the value of their books as presented in the Reader's Digest Book Club volumes? Do they feel that the condensations are faithful to the originals in style and substance?

The unsolicited opinions below are typical of the many which come to us from authors whose works have appeared in Reader's Digest Condensed Books.

Irving Stone—The Agony and the Ecstasy

"It is an eye-opener to see the consummate skill with which your editorial staff has succeeded in retaining the plot structure of Michelangelo's tempestuous life and work. You have somehow managed to retain the flavor, the surge, the bitter conflicts and brilliant fulfillments of *The Agony and the Ecstasy*."

Irving Stone

Taylor Caldwell—A Prologue to Love

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Taylor Caldwell

Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II—Seven Days in May

"Your art of condensing is beyond us and we always admire the deft way it is done. Congratulations—the condensation of *Seven Days in May* was excellent, and preserved the pace and character of the story in fine shape."

Fletcher Knebel, Charles W. Bailey II

Elick Moll—Seidman and Son

"I am impressed with the vast skill and care that go into the winnowing process. Nothing vital to the structure and flow of the story has been left out."

Elick Moll

Kathryn Hulme—The Nun's Story

"I read and reread your condensation of *The Nun's Story* with tiger-bright eyes, looking for sentences, paragraphs or pages which perforce must have been left out. But sharply as I searched (and who can search more assiduously than the writer to whom every sentence blue-penciled is a limb amputated?) I could not find where you had made your skillful cuts.
Your condensation carries my whole story."

Kathryn Hulme

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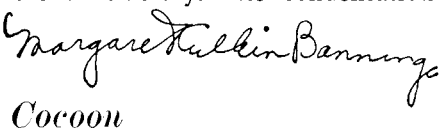
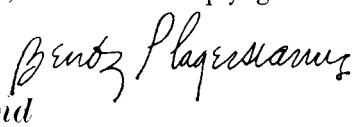
Margaret Culkin Banning—The Dowry

"The way you have handled this novel of mine could not be more satisfactory. The condensation is done with imagination and generosity."



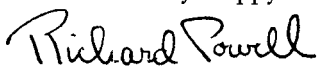
Bentz Plagemann—The Steel Cocoon

"The condensation was an extremely complicated and delicate operation, but I was deeply gratified to see how carefully the character of the work had been preserved."



Richard Powell—I Take This Land

"The high quality of the work you people do at Pleasantville awes me, and I'm certainly happy to have your brilliant editing and publishing applied to my stories."

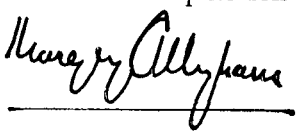


Rumer Godden—An Episode of Sparrows

"Your condensations are a lesson in précis for any author."

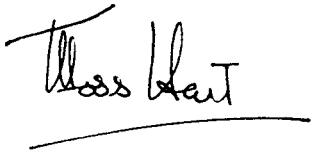
Margery Allingham—Tether's End

"I am delighted and impressed by the treatment of *Tether's End,* which seems to me to be quite brilliant. No one is so critical as the author, but this version certainly contains the essence of the story."



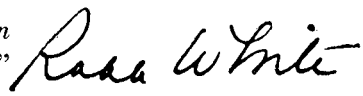
Moss Hart—Act One

"The condensation of *Act One* shows what I can only term creative editing. It is the best editorial work I have ever seen."



Robb White—Our Virgin Island

"I would like to congratulate you on the excellent condensation of *Our Virgin Island.* If I hadn't written the book I wouldn't have known it was condensed."



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Salinger Revisited

Edited by Martin Levin

MEET THE PROFESSOR
Or, Have Thesis, Will Travel

OUR graduate seminar class in Modern Fiction shivered with breathless expectation as Professor I. E. Wharfcleat—famed critic and author of the twelve-volume *Salinger: His Life, His Art, His Friends and Relations* (subtitled, of course, *The Glass Menagerie*)—strode slowly past our ashtray-laden desks. We, his students, were breathless because, although mid-semester, this was the first time Dr. Wharfcleat had made it to class. Many of us had never even seen him before and never would again.

"Sorry I'm late," he said, and as he did, several raven-maned coeds, fingers trembling, leafed his volumes for the Wharfcleatian interpretation of the Salingerian usage of the word "late"; while an intense young man in the back row, obviously misguided, searched his *PMLA*s for "sorry."

"Any questions yet?" said Dr. Wharfcleat. "If not, class is dismissed."

But the *PMLA* youth's arm arched upward. "Sir. Do you believe there is any validity to the recent contention that Mr. Salinger's use of the name Seymour stems ironically from the quotation 'I came, I *saw*, I conquered'?"

The great scholar, his back to us, stared out the window at his white 1963 Jaguar, which glittered bright beside the many rusting autos in the faculty parking lot.

"Of course not!" he said, and (as we discovered later) made a mental note to work in a couple of paragraphs on *Salinger, Seymour and Caesar* for his latest magazine article, "J. D.'s Garbo Complex, and Why."

"How *does* one account for the name then, sir?"

"Young man, that should be obvious," Professor Wharfcleat shook his head at us wearily, as if he wished the class hour already ended. "See chapters forty-seven and forty-eight of my analysis, for the most complete explanation. . . . Seymour, of course, is an inverted conjugation of the word 'more' and 'sea,' meaning an exceptionally large quantity of water—the water, of course, symbolizing fertility. Obviously you haven't read 'A Perfect Day for Bananafish' carefully enough, or this would be prosaically lucid to all of you."

To illustrate, and kill twenty minutes, Professor Wharfcleat played us the "Perfect Day for Bananafish" side of his bestselling 33 1/3 rpm recording, *Wharfcleat Reads Salinger* (Album IV). Then he played the other side, twice.

A frazzled copy of *Franny and Zooey* peeped from the purse of the coed beside me. She waved her hand and asked, "Professor, do you really think Salinger wants us to believe not only Franny but Bessie and Boo Boo and the cat are pregnant by the end of 'Zooey'?"

"Yes and no," explained Dr. Wharfcleat. With a March Hare gesture he consulted his silver pocket watch and, after recommending his new book *Salinger: A Contradiction*, disappeared from our classroom forever.

—TED SCHAEFER.

• • •

CALL THEM BY THEIR RIGHTFUL NAME

RECENTLY the city of Roquefort, France, brought suit against a restaurant in Long Beach, California. The guilty café was caught serving a salad dressing made of common bleu cheese and calling it "Roquefort." Apparently, a French secret army of tasters is now prowling across the country ready to slap injunctions on American restaurateurs who fraudulently list Roquefort dressing on their menus.

If these suits prove profitable, other foreign cities may decide to crack down on the misuse of their names. Our national financial position may be in jeopardy unless we voluntarily give up our spurious Ascot ties, plaster of Paris, Manila envelopes, Oxfords, Brussels sprouts, and Venetian blinds. One German city alone could easily bankrupt this country. The suit, Hamburg *v.* United States, would go down in history.

Even in our own country there could be terrible repercussions if all the producers and vendors of counterfeit Denver sandwiches, Hollywood beds, New Orleans fizzes, Palm Beach suits, Manhattans, Boston cream pies, and Long Island ducklings were hauled into court. It might even get to the point where we would have to think twice before dancing the Charleston or giving a Bronx cheer.

If national governments get into the fray, they might withdraw our rights to such established favorites as Bermuda shorts, Swiss cheese, Danish pastry, Turkish delight, Swedish massages, Siamese twins, and Canadian capers.

Although it is possible that the nations of the free world might let us get by with our frauds, there is no doubt that the Iron Curtain countries would take full advantage of our vulnerable position. Shapka-hatted Cossacks would charge their way into delicatessens serving Russian dressing, barrooms dispensing Moscow mules, and even into garrets of despondent players of Russian roulette. Inscrutable Chinese would terrorize toy stores by wantonly destroying Chinese checkerboards. Bearded fanatics in coveralls would smash shoe store windows in order to seize Cuban heels and would invade cocktail lounges to purge them of Cuba libres.

But even these things are mild compared to the worst that might happen. If this problem starts to become universal, only a fool would remain a Mercury salesman, a Venus pencil dealer, or a distributor of Mars candy bars.

—MARGARET BENNETT.

• • •

ALTARPIECE
(San Juan Capistrano: 1943)

Dead yucca stalks
On brown hills tinder-dry,
Candles of God
From which the flame has fled,
Stand stripped and stark.
But heroes still
Wheel through the winter sky,
And still the moon
Lights weary men to bed;
Its borrowed rush
Held firm against the dark.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Just another pretty face

Until Repertoire Workshop.

Of the thousands of show business hopefuls who each year struggle for recognition, Marlyn Mason is one of the lucky ones. She's been signed for a starring role on Broadway this fall. Soon everyone will know her face and name.

For Marlyn, the big break came when she made a hit in an original television revue, locally-produced by KNXT Los Angeles, for showing on Repertoire Workshop, a 35-week series of half-hour shows devoted to drama, music, poetry, dance and other art forms. Produced jointly by the five CBS Owned television stations (seven half hours from each station) and broadcast on all five stations, Repertoire Workshop is specifically designed to give unknown and lesser-known local talent a chance to be seen and heard by vast audiences, via the leading television station in each of five of the nation's largest, most important cultural centers. *Time* called the series "...more than praiseworthy," and *Saturday Review* hailed the project as "... an ambitious and worthwhile non-network enterprise."

Meantime, Repertoire Workshop continues week after week to provide a television showcase for more new faces in all the creative and performing arts ... helping gifted performers, like Marlyn Mason, make the long, hard climb from "nobody" to "somebody."

CBS TELEVISION STATIONS

A Division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., operating WCBS-TV New York, KNXT Los Angeles, WBBM-TV Chicago, WCAU-TV Philadelphia and KMOX-TV St. Louis.

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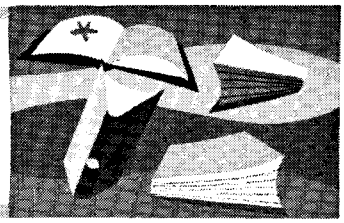


ONE OF OUR regular informants, who insists on remaining anonymous, has been quietly letting us know over the past three years practically every book that will become a best-seller, far in advance of publication date. So far his batting average is close to 1.000, and because of such extensive pretesting we're willing to go out on a limb to report his latest prediction. It's John Fowles's forthcoming novel *The Collector*, which Little, Brown will bring out in late July. "It's a sheer horror story," he tells us, "of such quiet gentility that it runs over you like a foam-rubber steam-roller."

You'll be able to check out his prediction on the best-seller lists a few weeks from now.

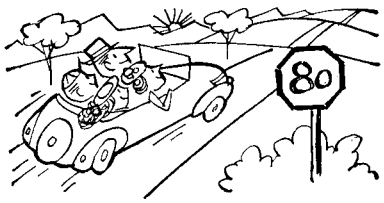
WE'VE DONE OUR OWN scouting on the new interstate turnpike system, and are happy to report that U.S. 80 is progressing nicely. Whisking from New York to Chicago and beyond without a crossroads or a traffic light makes cross-country driving a good deal simpler than it used to be, and long stretches of the completed system through Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and Colorado make it possible to drive almost by compass and automatic pilot.

When Interstate 80 is completed, it will be possible to roll across the country, stopping at stereotyped motels, with the complete illusion that you never left home. The motel race for supremacy continues so vigorously that a swimming pool, instant coffee makers, infrared heat lamps, and color television have practically become bare and basic necessities. No shah or potentate was ever greeted by such luxuries on his caravan stops.

ON THE OTHER HAND, the rolling toothpaste highways make it possible to squeeze every bit of local color out of the scene, and you won't have to run into the Colorado gas station attendant who asked if the square key that unlocks a Volkswagen gas tank wasn't some kind of a newfangled hay hook. And you won't be tempted to stop, as we did, at the grocery store at the Amana Colonies for a smoked ham sandwich on bread that would put grandmother's to shame.

The Amana Society is still going strong on the Iowa plains, and the mixture of idealism and practicality continues to give the community a flavor all its own. Its roots go back to 1714, when two Lutheran gentlemen in Germany decided they had had enough of their conventional faith and started their own. Since then their followers have moved across the ocean, first to Buffalo, then to Iowa, where they have blended frugality, free enterprise, energy, and religion to produce a highly prosperous economy and a quiet, satisfying way of life.

The big change occurred in 1932, when the colony merged its semi-isolated, communal way of life with the profit motive. Today its woolens, freezers, and packaged meats make any big industrialist sit up and take notice, while its profit-sharing and communal stockholding plan practically rule out poverty and want for its members. The entire colony receives medical and dental care free of charge. By the end of 1935, practically every home in the colony was individually owned. Its industries represent a multi-million-dollar gross, and wages and dividends are comfortably high. The society has shown a profit every year since the 1932 changeover.



"But," says one of its members, "the Amana Society has not lost its soul in the quest for material salvation."

WE CHATTED RECENTLY with an intense and energetic young man named Dave Dichter, a Peace Corps consultant for Pakistan who still has a passion for his former talent as champion half-miler. Right now he is winding up his own personal Peace Corps program in reverse, which consists of bringing some forty track and field athletes to America from smaller countries all over the world, and giving them a

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chance to train at various college campuses all over the country. The name of his spare-time project is Sports International, Inc., a nonprofit group that has seen to it that the forty visitors are fed, housed, transported, and trained in the best possible way.

"After three months of training with American coaches, I think it's safe to say both America and the fellows who come over here have benefited terrifically," Mr. Dichter told us. "The problem is that the athletes of the smaller countries don't have a chance to get together as often as we do, and they don't run into the stiff kind of competition that makes champions. Who knows? We might be training a couple of men who will give us a stiff run in the next Olympics."

The men have been on campuses from Oregon State to Harvard. At the latter university, Abebe Bakila, the Ethiopian palace guard, trained for several weeks. In the Boston marathon, he was way out in front until a muscle cramp forced him to finish the last few miles at a walk. Even at that, he managed to finish fifth in a field of hundreds.

Another participant, typical of the group which includes athletes from Mali to Cambodia, is Carlos Guillermo Iriarte Pineda of Guatamala, who has been training at American University in Washington. He holds the Central American record in the 400 meter hurdles, but is not at all satisfied with this accomplishment, since it fails to equal many of our college records.

"The best part of the program," he says, "is the fellowship here with the American students. Everybody goes out of his way to help me. My time is improving slowly—but the program is much more than that alone."

In addition, Carlos is finding time to keep up his bowling average, which at 203 not only makes him the second highest scorer in his own country, but also the most popular man on the American University team.

—John G. Fuller.

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Saturday Review

JUNE 22, 1963

THE FREEDOM TO HOPE

A distinguished philosopher and author, now eighty-nine years old, appraises the effects of a warless world on man's spiritual dimension, on his view of the future, and on his relationship with the universe.

By WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

THE shadow that the possibility of nuclear war casts over the human spirit is not solely the shadow of measureless calamity. It is also a shadow over human self-respect, and over the entire scope of human faith.

It beclouds self-respect because we feel that at the summit of our proud civilization's technical achievements we have reached a point in some respect lower than its beginning. In our contests of interest, purpose, and belief—contests inseparable from human aspiration—we have conceived and are prepared to use a type of warfare that releases over human communities forces indiscriminate in their action, forces vast, mindless, merciless, uncontrollable, in complete reversal of the previous direction of advance in the arts of war.

And it beclouds human faith, including that "animal faith" of which Santayana writes, and the unformulated faith men live by, that elemental confidence, living spontaneously in the future, attending every natural impulse to act. Nuclear war confronts faith in this broad sense with a total negation, whether or not the group involved is our own, for it is our conception of human destiny that is at stake.

Faith that the future can be shaped is the core of action, and especially of human action. The provision for "a calculable future" remains the basis of all orderly society. But what if there is no future? Pleasures remain, but happiness, as implying endless vistas and a sense of at-homeness and participation in the universe, is no longer possible. It is this loss of horizon, and of personal destiny and function, contributing to a total world-achievement, that darkens the world to which nuclear war is admitted.

When human life and its meaning can be abruptly broken off, something must happen to the picture of futurity that attends all human action as the field of its fulfilled meaning. Here the shadow enters to denounce any hopeful forecast that the destiny of our deeds can enter into the total meaning of the world-process; it is precisely this wholeness that must be dismissed. And while world religions partly escape this threat, occupying themselves less with kingdoms of God on earth than with other-worldly prospects, these other-worldly visions are not immune to the judgments of reality implied by the working charts of the military, for whom the master reality is physical energy—$E = mc^2$. Religion *per se* becomes quietly suspect of total irrelevance.

Malleable minds—and especially youthful minds—are thus driven to views that are closely akin to something called dialectical materialism. There is thus, I venture to say, little practical difference between the two materialisms that profess themselves mortal opponents, each of them placing its trust in nuclear-weapon superiority. It is in this atmosphere that the youth of our Western lands are moving toward maturity. For them, faith in any total meaning of the world-process has become a dubious placebo. What, then, must become of their faith in their own total meaning, or in any type of obligation built into the nature of things, including those sensitive obligations to truth that have built the noble world of the physical sciences? It is the general acceptance of this type of war as usable *in extremis* that constitutes for our youth the chief silent repudiation of its professed faiths.

And the most immediate effect on the human spirit of an achieved warless world would be the lifting of this shadow, especially from the spirit of youth. The effect would be the more pronounced if the achievement were brought about by measures of mind and moral conviction, rather than by a stalemate in the field of military prowess. By what mental and moral measures, therefore, can we achieve a world order in which contest—the heart of all important advance—can take place without war?

THE actual arrival of the nuclear-war threat had its apparent justification in its swift decisiveness; if there is to be war at all, no rational power can choose to neglect the most efficient tools. And, for the same reason, to divest one's nation of maximal deterrent power is an open invitation to the smile on the face of the tiger, whereas to retain that deterrent is to invite the ultimate catastrophe. The last few months of world history have presented, in the Cuba confrontation, a case in-

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THE AUTHOR: "I'm too busy to feel old," he remarked the other day, little more than a month before his ninetieth birthday on August 10. "There's still a lot of unfinished business." The comment typified the life and mind of William Ernest Hocking, a one-man landmark of modern philosophy who once asked, "What is life without its inner angers . . .? And what is love without the hatred of all that destroys or degrades it? There is a lot to hate, *ergo* a lot to fight."

Born in 1873 in Cleveland, Ohio, he was raised in a home where, he has written, religion "was much thought-about so that the atmosphere . . . was at once devout and, in a wholly untechnical way, metaphysical." After graduation from high school he spent four years saving money for college by working for the Elgin, Joliet, and Eastern Railroad. At Harvard he studied under the pragmatist William James and the idealist Josiah Royce, both of whom deeply influenced his thought. He taught philosophy there from 1914 until his retirement in 1943 and has written such books as *The Meaning of God in Human Experience* (1912), *Spirit of World Politics* (1932), and *What Man Can Make of Man* (1942). In 1947 Dr. Hocking served on the Commission on the Freedom of the Press, in whose report he wrote: "The right to be in error in the pursuit of truth does not include a moral right to be deliberately in error."

volving the two leading nuclear powers, and its fortunate denouement has been variously interpreted. To my mind, however, it illustrates the most hopeful factor in the creation of a warless world, namely the *inner deterrent* to war, which has strangely passed unrecognized.

The decision of Khrushchev to withdraw from Cuba was a decision compelled not primarily by U.S. nuclear power but by a clear inhibition in the mind of the Soviet leader; not only was the Russian public rootedly averse to war, but the simplest human common sense forbade the carnage. That this inner deterrent was mutual is indicated by the exchange of notes between the two leaders, in which the phrase—strange, between official enemies—"you and I" occurs in both. This inner deterrent illustrates the main principle of peaceful coexistence, namely, that underlying every fundamental contest there must be a fundamental agreement. The future of mankind depends largely on the general recognition of the simple thesis that every dispute has its presuppositions on which the contending parties necessarily agree (if only on the value of the objectives claimed by each). If war is to be eliminated, then the art of finding the necessary common ground becomes the primary essential.

On one of these matters it is possible even now to establish firm common ground: the aim of world conquest as the avowed goal and necessary terminus of the dialectic of history in the Marx-Lenin tradition. A logical necessity embodied in the historical process, whether expounded by Marx or by Hegel, is the destiny of every valid ideal as long as humanity strives for what it sees as "the good." We democrats believe with Hegel in the world conquest of democracy; the whole burden of history for Hegel is embedded in nine words: *One* is free; *some* are free; *all* are free. Hegel and Marx are at opposite poles, but their strife presupposes one fundamental agreement—"truth is mighty and must prevail." No world conquest by force or fraud is seriously contemplated by any power; and the strife of ideologies implies not only the concern of each competitor for the continued existence of the other (the conquest of either by the other would destroy the competition), but also an interest in the fair chance of each to develop its own type of social structure. Under such circumstances the competition becomes part of the education of mankind. The vicious circle that sustains the cold war (A must destroy B, because B is committed to destroying A; and B is committed to destroying A because A is committed to destroying B) is thus broken. When it appears that each premise is false, the circle disappears and the sense of cold war vanishes.

There also emerges another moral interest that contributes to the spirit of the warless world, namely, the interest in variety. The coexistence of opposing ideologies during the period of experimentation suggests that the contest, like every good game, will end in the victory of one party and the defeat of the other. But difference is not always necessarily an opposition between right and wrong; it may in fact be a valued aspect of the possibilities of human nature.

It is true that a warless world implies a world agreed on certain principles of public order, the primary outlines of an international code of law. But it is not true that as a consequence the legal structure of all free states will be identical, whether in the institutions of the family, or of property, or of contract, or of torts. Even the most primary principles of right take various shapes in different social orders. English common law and much of U.S. law can largely be defined as the coinage of custom, folkways worked out by experience. There must indeed be principles of common human decency, whereby travelers and traders can pass from state to state, but the individual quality of the nation remains one of the great interests of travel as well as one of the moral assets of the race. The diversities of the laws therefore constitute one of the treasures that the world would be deeply reluctant to lose in a mechanical uniformity. While this variety constitutes one of the chief obstacles to the successful codification of international law, a developed appreciation of difference promises to be a major help in bringing about a warless world. We can realize world unity if we recognize that there is an absolute right in which all humanity agrees, while recognizing at the same time that the formulation of that absolute principle is subject to wide and characteristic differences of opinion. We are in no sense committed to a boundless and formless relativity.

IT is not sufficient, however, simply to dismiss nuclear war. A warless world, still having its occasions of strife over unsolved problems of justice, national

This article is the seventh in *SR*'s continuing symposium on the problems and promises of a warless world. The previous articles in the series, with the dates of their publication, are as follows:

"How to Change the World Without War," by Arnold Toynbee (May 12, 1962)

"Order and Change in a Warless World," by Walter Millis (September 15, 1962)

"Can We Afford a Warless World?" by Kenneth E. Boulding (October 6, 1962)

"International Change in a Warless World," by Arthur Larson (November 17, 1962)

"Solving the Inhuman Equation," by Grenville Clark (February 16, 1963)

"Recapturing the Future," by Margaret Mead (June 1, 1963)

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interest, and arbitrary boundaries, must find its way to solutions not involving the mobilization of opposing armies whose instruments will drift toward the mass-destructive type. The problem remains with us because if solutions cannot be found by reason, the alternative appears to be a solution determined by that power, inseparable from human government, which expresses the united resolve of the nation. The "national interest," as a term employed in usual treaties of arbitration, represents a factor of will into which a nation puts its "honor" as a sign of decision, and it is irrational in the sense of not being deducible from generally accepted principles. The accidents of geography cannot be derived from principles of justice: Does Switzerland deserve a seacoast? Has Russia a right to access to the Mediterranean? Has the United States a manifest destiny to include California? If our hope of a warless world is based on a faith that issues between nations can be resolved by justice, we must admit that we have as yet no substantial guide to what justice is among nation-states. Thus it is all the more important to emphasize the value of variety and the coming unity of a world civilization to which such minor states as Palestine or Athens or the Nejd or Budh Gaya in its day may make decisive contributions now hidden from the noisy atmosphere of the physically greater nations.

The right to exist as a nation-state is the one right from which other rights may follow. But that original right must be held in reserve, as depending not on any political *cogito ergo sum* but on the consensus of existing states.

To what extent, then, can the world dispense with conventional war?

The individual state, being a creature of a deed of trust on the part of the recognizing states, has a duty of honor to justify their trust. But, since each national life has its own unique conditions, it must be its own judge as to what is necessary to its creative productivity. India and China may arbitrarily "set their honor" on a fragment of territory in Ladakh. Then the would-be warless world finds itself calling for arms and aid.

We have no right to be discouraged by these reversals; they indicate simply that the unity of mankind, already a voice of hope and admonition, has not yet become a voice of paternal love and authority, able to deal with unique and individual claims for the sake of the truly spiritual unity of a creative whole. It is the voice of faith and feeling rather than the voice of law to which armed power will listen, as a completer voice of its own deeper will.

Until there is such a voice, heard by a unanimous membership of the nations qualified not simply as peace-loving (what nation will not assert its share in this sentiment?), but as already appreciating and contributing to the advance of world-civilization, we must move deeper into the moral recesses of that will to war which still from time to time betrays the human spirit.

IN dismissing war, we are aware of making a breach with history. There is a nagging query to which we are bound to lend a passing ear. Does the spirit of man lose—if war is gone—a certain challenge which, until now, has been a measure of its greatness?

When the Socrates of Plato speaks of virtue, his first mention is of courage, "the spirited faculty." Throughout Western history the drilling of youth for a possible clash of arms has been an ingredient of education. And through our versions of history, the glory of the great men of war resounds; the great wrong of the aggressor measures the great right of our resistance and his defeat. Shall we now lose that dimension? What is to happen, in the deeps of our nature, to the higher moments of our pugnacity? Shall we find ways to peace that call for no devoted enlistment in the public resistance? Are we then ready for what William James called a "moral equivalent of war"? What is that potential element of human dignity in the soldier for which—if we put war behind us—we may still require a moral equivalent?

It is inadequate to think of this matter in generalities. Each of us is inclined to think of it in personal terms. Let me speak briefly of an experience which gave me some vicarious insight.

Military camps everywhere and always are highly artificial communities, an abstraction from normal community life. One's tentmate becomes an important factor in one's thinking and being, but my temporary "buddy" at Plattsburg in 1916 was an unusual gift of Providence. We were all volunteers, civilians for the most part, who thought the United States ought to prepare for taking part in the war in Europe. But James Norman Hall was no novice. He had deliberately put himself, from the beginning of the war, first into active preparation, and then into the midst of the fierce fighting in Flanders.

He was an Iowa boy, a graduate of Grinnell College in 1914, a "woodshed poet" by disposition. He had been spending the summer in England when war broke out and England prepared to assist France and Belgium against the German attack. As an American he was under no call to enlist, but he felt that the German breach of Europe's long-standing peace was no local concern: it was the Western world order that must react. He trained several months in the artillery, then served in a machine-gun squad in Flanders. When he was mustered out toward the end of 1915, and came home on account of his father's illness, he was the only survivor of his squad. He entered the Plattsburg Civilian Training Camp, not to learn the arts of war, but to explore what the United States was doing to prepare for our part in the deepening conflict. He was offered a major's rank if he would stay and share in the staff work of the camp. But he had other plans: he was determined to return to the front. Furthermore, he had recognized that this war would involve, for the first time in history, reconnaissance by airplane. An American flying unit was being assembled in France, the "Lafayette Flying Squadron." Hall joined it, and when he went to the French front again I lost sight of him.

In the spring of 1917, it was reported that Norman Hall had been shot down over the German lines, and was presumably dead. During that summer, I had an assignment that gave me an occasion to be in Paris, where, on a bank-register, I happened to see the name of Norman Hall. I found him at the Hotel Normandy, and we had a day together. He had indeed been shot down. His reconnaissance team had a program of flights over the German lines and a well-defined rendezvous for return. One day, however, spying a group of planes he took for his own, he flew toward them, but discovered that they were Germans. They opened fire; his plane was hit and he was shot in the shoulder. "I dimly realized that unless I did the right thing it was the end; I made the effort and blanked out. Don't know how I landed." But it was behind the French lines. After a long period in a French hospital, he was transferred to an American hospital in Neuilly.

He was still far from fit. On a foot trip with me to La Cité he had to sit down and rest twice; he was due next day in camp for retraining, hoping to be assigned to the region of Verdun-sur-Meuse, scene of the most obstinate fighting of the war, and the most costly in terms of men. Here Hall concluded his war service, then returned home.

But Hall was no lover of war, no seeker of adventure for adventure's sake. He had come to feel, in the postwar cities of Europe and America, a failure to examine the causes of war and to avoid its repetition. This feeling was a factor in his later choice of Tahiti as a home.

What, then, was the central motive impelling him into war? Patriotic he was; but it was not patriotism as a

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passion for serving one's own country that inspired his major decisions. He had to explore the breakdown of peace in order to judge the structure of normal living. He was trying to build, through harsh experience, a mental image of a world more genuine, more humane, more universal in sympathy and understanding. As a writer, he must know life's depths and heights.

Hall has described both his early feelings about enlistment in the war, and his later judgments of disillusion, in his book *My Island Home*. But in spite of his bitter view of war per se, there was, I must believe, an element of nobility in his commitment to sharing the most desperate phases of human experience. If there is a single term for Hall's spirit as a soldier, a spirit for which one could wish a "moral equivalent," it is a *search for reality in experience*, a need to experience the worst in order to realize the cost of the best. As a responsible member of the race, he could not be content with an accidentally sheltered good fortune. Royce had a phrase for it that came near the target; *loyalty to a cause* seemed to him the highest virtue of man. But nearer still is the word of Alfred de Vigny in "La Canne de Jonc." His word is "honor," and he describes his meaning in these words:

> It is a virtue entirely human . . .
> a sentiment born with us, independent of times and places, and even of the religions,
> a sentiment proud, inflexible, an instinct of incomparable beauty . . .
> It is the faith of honor.

The term "honor" carries with it a self-defined and self-enforced obligation, one—like the "debt of honor"—that cannot be compelled by either law or usage; at its heights, an unwritten obligation of membership in the human race, the duty of paying the full cost, which no one has prescribed.

With this understanding, we can see that the banishing of war—if the objects sought by war could be otherwise attained—would banish nothing of honor, or loyalty, or courage. We have no need to cherish war in order to cherish the greatness that war has so often elicited in men. The moral equivalent of war lies in the spiritual essence of a man's honor, carrying him into whatever risk, adventure, sacrifice, and suffering his destiny requires.

THE increasing phenomenon of mass murder has called forth increasing revolt against war itself; the scale of tragedy now robs war of the dignity of an accepted sacrifice. But this, its final phase, throws into stark relief the element of contradiction in war per se at any period, and animates the spiritual relief when war, as now, commits suicide.

At all stages war treats human beings as things, not as persons. Yet it depends for its effect on their continuing personality; its intention is not to exterminate but to impose change upon their wills. The population behind the army is to survive, under an enforced change of condition and judgment. The contradiction in warmaking begins here, with the manifest absurdity in the assumption that a change of thought, of belief, of ideology can be imposed by force. The explicit repudiation of this deceit would constitute an epoch of liberation for the spirit of man.

This inner conflict lends to all the dealings of war a flavor of lawlessness. It is not only killing that becomes the order of things. The "all's fair" includes the lie, the spying, the cover story for the public, the highly "classified" information while truth-in-the-news remains the professed practice, the reason of state, and everywhere the license for cruelty. And within the texture of the fighting unit itself, how often, or rather how chronically, the enlisted man's private sense of honor has to struggle against the duties imposed by military obedience. There are, I believe, not a few Americans for whom the U-2 episode was a moral disaster in respect to their esteem for the strict probity of high official direction.

In a warless world, one great relief for the human spirit would be a final farewell to the appalling casuistry of officialdom in maintaining faith with the public, and of the public in maintaining faith in the complete justice and cleanliness of a "just war"—a phrase we must hope finally to banish.

BUT the major effect on the spirit of man, at its core, will not be primarily the negative reliefs. It will be a joy of discovery, a new experience of power.

For man is spiritually free only when he shares in the power that rules the cosmos, taking part in the process of creation. And the warless world will require a certain achievement of unanimity in the will to banish an intolerable curse; and the achievement of that unanimity will itself be an act, certainly not of physical power, but of a power to change human motivation.

Man's will, at its center, is a will to power in a sense not contemplated by Hobbes or Nietzsche. It is a rejection of futility, an assumption of command over some portion of future happening, a faith in the ability to make occur what ought to occur, bringing the creativity of the artist to supplement the regulative work of the lawmaker, giving effect to that inner will-to-peace at the kernel of the warmaker.

For an act of creative power—a power not *over* others but *for* others, and a power first over *ideas* before being a power over *actions*—the way is cleared by the now evident general repudiation (although Mao Tse-tung still remains enigmatic) of mass destruction as a means of survival, rendering obsolete that consultation of the witches that

(*Continued on page* 50)

"Here I am, Patricia."

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THE HERITAGE OF EDITH HAMILTON: 1867-1963

By JOHN MASON BROWN

WHEN she died three weeks ago at ninety-five, Edith Hamilton was unquestionably aged but remained ageless. She was as old in the wisdom of which she was the embodiment as she was young in her relish of today's trivia and gossip. To those of us, and we were many, who came to know her well after she was sixty she was never Miss Hamilton. No matter how many decades younger we were and in spite of our reverence for her, she was Edith. Not freshly. Not presumptuously. Not coyly. She was Edith on our lips and to her face because she was Edith in our minds and hearts. She was Edith as if it were a place-name for friendship, Edith with no trespassing upon her dignity, Edith because she was as much at home in our worlds as she was in ancient Greece or Rome.

When she was born on August 12, 1867, the Civil War had been over for a little more than two years. Nebraska had just been admitted to the Union, swelling the number of states to thirty-seven. Andrew Johnson was in the White House. Victoria had reigned for thirty of her sixty-four years and Franz Josef for nineteen of his sixty-eight. Napoleon III was Emperor of France, and Maximilian had recently faced a firing squad at Querétaro. Wagner was at work on *Die Meistersinger* and Dickens was struggling with the never to be completed *Edwin Drood*. Tolstoy was in the midst of publishing *War and Peace*, and *Anna Karenina* would not appear for another decade. *Das Kapital* was fresh from the presses. Tennyson was poet laureate and Longfellow a hearty sixty with fifteen years ahead of him. A twenty-year-old Edison was soon to patent his first invention. Thomas Hardy was twenty-seven, Shaw eleven, Henry Ford four, Kipling nearly two, H. G. Wells almost one, and Wilbur Wright four months old. Wilhelm II was a flamboyant nineteen, and Nicholas II not yet born.

This was the far distant world into which Edith was born. It bore little or no resemblance to the world in which she died. But she was not given to looking back, at least not to the altering years through which she had lived. Although the past was her passionate concern, the past that absorbed her was not her own. It was the Athens of Socrates, Plato, Thucydides, or Aeschylus, or the Rome of Plautus, Cicero, Horace, or Caesar, or the Jerusalem of Christ and St. Paul to which she turned when she looked back. They were so near to her and she in spirit to them that she was able to make them present to us.

Edith was brought up in Fort Wayne, Indiana, an unlikely stockade in those days, one might think, for classical literature. But the classics in the original were nearer to cultivated people then, and Edith's father was a cultivated man. Blessedly for us and her, he "knew nothing about methods for softening the rigors of study." By her own telling we know that he started her reading Latin when she was seven.

Greek, no doubt, came soon thereafter. Although she approached them first as lessons, in no time she was reading them for pleasure and as naturally as if they were English. She learned the hard way, mastering the inescapable disciplines of education. The drudgery on which knowledge is based never smudged for her the delights to which it leads. Instead, they proved the guarantee of those delights.

Edith had a mind, and real minds such as hers are as uncommon among women as they are among men. She responded gratefully to the schooling that leads to the heights and was unwilling and unable, after having obtained it, to rest in the lowlands. In the literature of the present as well as the past she was always at ease with excellence. The best did not frighten her. Her assumption was that it was a universal source of enjoyment and man's natural preference. She came to the best as no awed stranger but as an intimate.

Nobility of mind, character, and spirit is rare indeed. Wisdom, true wisdom, is no less rare. Edith, one of the most human of mortals, was the radiant possessor of both, as is made clear on one exalting page after another in *The Roman Way*, *Mythology*, *Witness to the Truth*, *Spokesmen for God*, and, above all, *The Greek Way*.

Venerable as she was when she died, Edith was only thirty-six years old as an author. She did not start writing until about 1927, when she had already had one career, and a successful one, as the headmistress of the Bryn Mawr Preparatory School for Girls in Baltimore. Her writing began when she moved to New York and was living at 24 Gramercy Park with Doris Reid. Other friends in the same apartment house — Rosamond Gilder, Francesca Palmer, and Dorothea McCollester—got into the habit of meeting at tea with Edith. At these meetings, with the Greek originals in her hand to refer to, she would discuss Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides with such illumination that Miss Gilder and Mrs. McCollester, both of whom were then on *Theatre Arts Monthly*, called her to the attention of that magazine's editor, Edith J. R. Isaacs. It was for *Theatre Arts* that Edith wrote her famous essay on tragedy, which is included in *The Greek Way* and was the beginning of that memorable volume. I, too, was then on *Theatre Arts* and soon came to know Edith. Every two weeks or so we met with another group—Donald Oenslager, Dorothy Sands, Elling Aannestad, Miss Reid, and Miss Gilder—to read to her what we had written and, what mattered, to have her read to us what she was working on.

Although I have read her books again and again, I can still hear her reading them. I can see her, slim as a girl, with a bird's grace and the dignity of a Mrs. Siddons, seated in the corner of a sofa with the light pouring on her snow-white hair, her dark eyes shining beneath her black eyebrows and her noble forehead, as she would adjust her sometimes noisy hearing aid and reach for her manuscript. She had a reading voice that was not quite like

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her speaking voice. It was thinner, a little strained, and lacking in the sonorities of her daily speech. But what she read was music.

Although she wrote brilliantly about St. Paul, beautifully about Jesus, revealingly of the prophets of Israel, with deep knowledge of the outstanding Romans, and with particular charm about Horace, Greece was the love of Edith's life. In *The Roman Way* she could not hide her dislike of Imperial Rome. Her love for Athens in the Great Age warms every page of *The Greek Way*. Edith illumined all that she touched upon, but she was at her finest when dealing with the Greeks. Her *Mythology* is incomparably superior to Bulfinch's in the sweet beauty and dignity of its retelling of the legends. Her translations of the *Trojan Women*, the *Prometheus Bound*, and the *Agamemnon* are so muscular in their Hellenic starkness that they make Gilbert Murray's Albert Memorial verbal flourishes sound like Swinburne. As for *The Greek Way*, for most of us it stands above all other books written in our time on ancient Greece as the Parthenon does above Athens itself.

There are those who accuse Edith of having had a romantic, if not a sentimental, approach to the Greeks. They rejoice in pointing out the aspects of Greek civilization which they think she either failed to observe or chose to ignore. Homosexuality, for example. Or slavery. They wonder how she could write about the beauty of Athenian life as lived by a leisured few without condemning the dependence of that life upon a large number of slaves. Edith's politics I never knew. Suspecting that we disagreed on many things, we left politics largely undiscussed. There were always more agreeable matters to talk about.

On the subject of Athenian slavery, however, I know the answer she would have given. Indeed, she gave it in *The Greek Way*. In sum, she would have said that she was writing about the Greeks as they were and not about the Greeks as they ought to have been by modern standards. She would have claimed that by leaving their values unchallenged (because, after all, it was a little late for her to do anything about altering them) she was approaching the Greeks as the realists they themselves were. The sentimentalists, in her eyes, would have been those who judged them by standards unknown to the ancient world.

That she idealized them is unquestionably true. Her search was for what was best in them. This is what we needed and what she found and communicated superbly. She made her readers feel effortlessly adjusted to the altitude of her own thought and the best of Greek thinking. In *The Greek Way* she related how, when she was the first woman student at a German university, she once heard a famous scholar lecture. He was talking about the passage in which the ghosts will not speak to Odysseus until he has given them blood to drink. At this point the professor added, "So, too, the dear ghosts of that departed world will not speak to us unless we give them of our heart's blood." This is what Edith did unstintingly in her writing years. It explains, at least in part, why they spoke to her so clearly and why she has been able to speak for them.

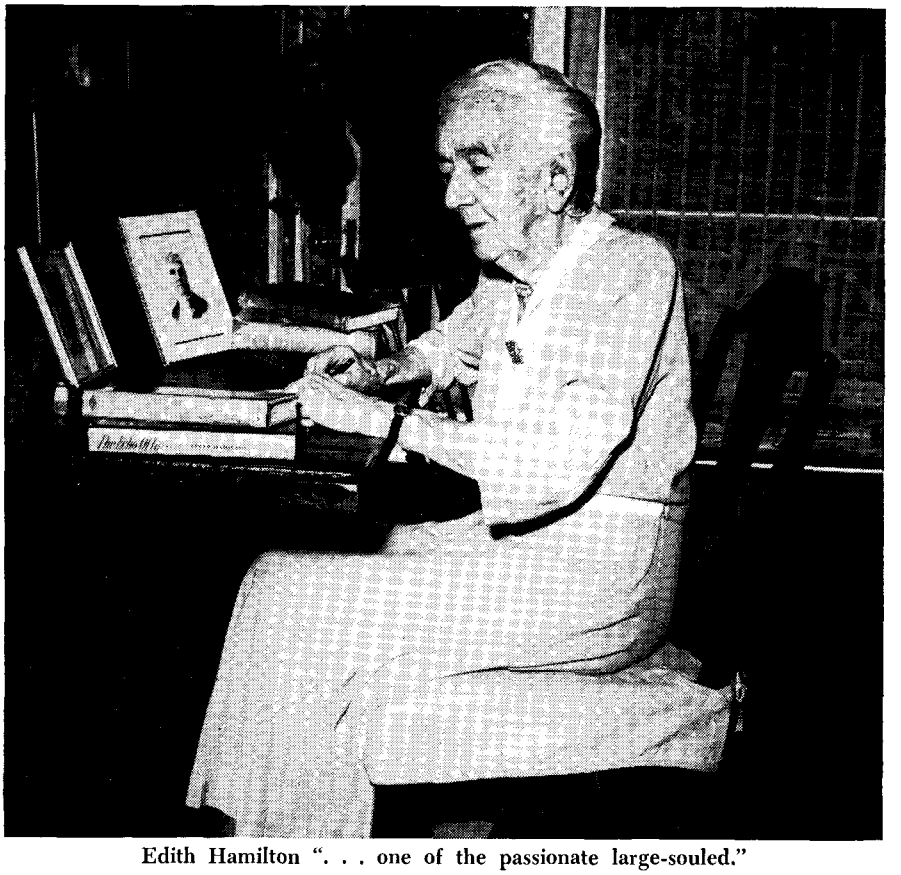
Once I claimed that Edith was one of the last Greeks of the Great Age. Their calm, their reason, their realism, their pure sense of perfection, their genius for brevity, their concern with the imponderables, their Doric simplicity were, I maintained, all hers. This was why I felt that among the countless ambassadors sent out by the ancient Athenians few had served Athens more persuasively than Edith.

After *The Greek Way* appeared in 1930, I used to observe with pleasure that a special club had sprung up. It was a club that met unsummoned and had no dues or committees. It published no list of members. Yet it assembled anywhere at the mere mention of the name Edith Hamilton. How swollen the membership in that club has become, statistics prove. Norton reports that since its publication *The Greek Way* in all its editions has sold approximately 775,000 copies; Little, Brown that the sales of Edith's *Mythology* (1942) have reached nearly 1,700,000. This is conclusive proof of how good an ambassador of an ancient civilization Edith has been.

In her essay on tragedy she pointed out that the tragic heroes and heroines belong to the only genuine aristocracy of this world—the aristocracy of truly passionate souls. "Tragedy's one essential," said she, "is a soul that can feel greatly. Given such a one and any catastrophe may be tragic. But the earth may be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, and if only the small and shallow are confounded, tragedy is absent."

Edith was one of the passionate large-souled. Her life, however, was no tragedy. It was a triumph. It was crowned when, at eighty-nine, having been decorated by the King of Greece, she stood, noble and exultant, on the stage of the ancient theatre of Herodes Atticus at the foot of the Acropolis and heard the Athenian Mayor proclaim her a citizen of Athens. Striding to the microphone, she cried out in strong, clear tones, "I am an Athenian! I am an Athenian! This is the proudest day of my life!"

An Athenian she always was, with the gift of making us all Athenians while reading her.



Edith Hamilton ". . . one of the passionate large-souled."

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THE UGLY AMERICAN IN DARK AFRICA

By WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

CONAKRY, GUINEA.

IT IS HOT and humid enough in this seaport capital on the west African coast to remind an American of Washington in August, but there the similarity ends. For a Russian there is little if anything in this equatorial setting to remind him of the cool latitudes of Moscow, and his wool suit only makes him uncomfortable and homesick. The Kremlin is as remote as the White House, yet West and East meet head-on here in a crucial test of a cold war syllogism that must sound incredible 5,000 miles away in Alabama or Mississippi:

"As Africa goes, so goes the world. As Guinea goes, so goes Africa."

Neither of these propositions is wholly true or false, but there is sufficient truth in them for thirty-eight diplomatic missions to function full time here, including representatives from every Communist-bloc country except Albania. The dean of the diplomatic corps is the ambassador of North Vietnam, and one of the busiest emissaries is the ambassador from Outer Mongolia, smilingly occupied with "cultural" tasks.

What is also true is that since Guinea became independent from France in 1958 the Soviet Union has committed $127,000,000 in loans and credits, backed by teams of advisors and technicians. One purpose was to help Guinea's new government and its 3,000,000 citizens to stand on their own feet after the U.S. turned its back on this young nation at the outraged behest of General de Gaulle. The Kremlin's more urgent purpose was to create a base for the political subversion of an awakening continent. Guinea was to be an African Cuba. President Sékou Touré, a dynamic popular leader of Africa's surge toward independence, was cast in the role of an African Castro. Guinea was the heart of a master plan to sovietize Africa.

While Washington stood idly by, uncomprehending and unconcerned, the plan almost worked. Distracted by other cold war crisis areas and insensitive to the strong currents running under the dark-skinned surface of a far-off land, the Eisenhower Administration paid little heed to the influx of Communist experts in a tiny Moslem nation whose chief executive had been written off anyhow as hopelessly pro-Russian.

Barely four years ago the Communists—Russians, Chinese, Czechs, Poles, North Vietnamese, and East Germans, chiefly—began to assemble a political infrastructure in Conakry for domination of Guinea and proselytism of the dark continent. A 100-kilowatt radio station was built to broadcast far beyond the narrow confines of Guinea; a high-speed printing plant was set up to spew printed propaganda at the rate of 40,000 booklets an hour into the waiting hands of the new nations; construction of a school to produce Communist-trained and Communist-oriented technicians was begun; an airport capable of handling the largest jets was built; the national Guinean airline was supplied with Ilyushin 18s; work was started on a large hotel to house visiting delegations; and the foundations were laid for a huge sports stadium suitable for political spectacles as well as athletic events. The Czechs began printing the new Guinean currency. The Chinese started a cigarette factory. All motorized equipment — jeeps, trucks, bulldozers — was Russian.

THE forty-year-old Touré, an angry young African, was awarded the Lenin Peace Prize, one of the highest Soviet honors, in 1960 after a visit to Moscow. (It had been given to Castro the year before.) Guinea's one-party government began to set up the central instruments of state socialism under Communist tutelage to manage the economy. Communist advisors swarmed everywhere, replacing the French administrators and technicians who had been withdrawn virtually overnight, leaving a chaotic vacuum behind, when Guinea chose independence instead of membership in de Gaulle's French Commonwealth. Millions of dollars worth of bananas, peanuts, diamonds, bauxite, pineapples, rice, and coffee were shipped in Soviet vessels under barter agreements binding the Guinean economy to the Communist trading bloc to pay for the loans, aid, and equipment being received.

There was no Western presence here. The French had abandoned their former colony. The curse of the ugly American — complacency, ignorance, condescension, insensitivity — immobilized U.S. policy. (The term "ugly American" is being used here in its popular, if not strictly accurate, sense.) The British were preoccupied with their own troubled, turbulent colonies. Cast adrift by the West at the very moment of Africa's historic awakening, Guinea sought and found succor in the East.

After studying the modern school and stadium being built here by the Russians, this visitor sampled a cold bottle of East German beer in a former French café while a Russian engineer seated nearby lighted an American cigarette with a Chinese match. In the dank African twilight he reflected on a scene he had witnessed in Moscow in a luxury hotel reserved for foreign delegates at which he was staying in 1960. A large Guinean delegation arrived at the hotel one morning in a fleet of big black Zim limousines, was welcomed with full red-carpet honors, and was handled with sumptuous care throughout its stay. It had seemed oddly disturbing three years ago that the Russians would lavish such attention on visitors from a minor, remote African republic.

In this languid African seaport it became clear that the Russians knew very well what they were doing in Moscow. The error was in the apathy in Washington. For this sprawling capital in Guinea is the headquarters of the idea of African independence, of the vision of African man building his own African destiny.

IF that idea, that dream, powered by the thrust of history, could have been forged by the Soviet bloc into a Guinean spearhead for Communism, there is little doubt that Africa might have turned much more to the East than it actually has. Today there is not a single Communist-committed state among the twenty-seven new nations of Africa, with their 150 million inhabitants, even though most of the signs were propitious for the Soviets less than five years ago, and a great deal of successful diplomatic lobbying still goes on here and throughout the African nations by Eastern emissaries seeking votes at the United Nations on critical issues. Some Western diplomats here, resenting their home-office pressure to deliver African votes at the U.N., refer to that organization as the "United Natives."

What happened while we drowsed

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and Moscow acted? Why did Guinea not turn into the Soviet beachhead in Africa the Russians so vigorously sought, and are still seeking, to engineer? Why did this prove to be the age of liberation in Africa instead of the replacement of the old colonialism by a new Communist domination?

For one thing, the Russians made some fatal mistakes in dealing with Guinea and with their "African comrades." For another thing, the Guineans under Touré wanted Africa for the Africans, not for colonialism, Communism, or Americanism. For a third factor, the Kennedy Administration estimated the nature and the urgency of the developing Soviet strategy in Africa correctly, took effective measures to counter it, and also wanted only the independence of Africa: liberation, not domination.

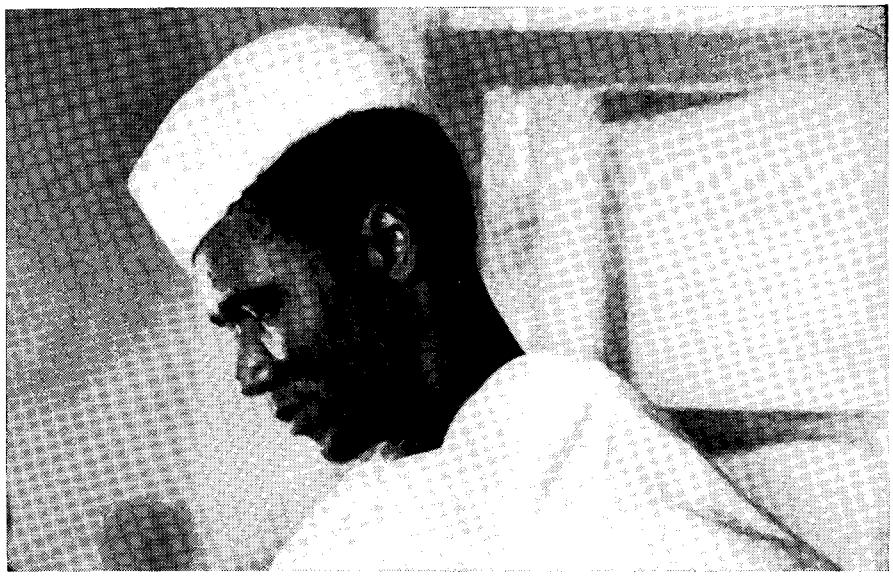
The drama of Guinea's complex shift from East to West was highlighted a short time ago when Sargent Shriver, head of the Peace Corps and brother-in-law of President Kennedy, arrived here with a small group of American businessmen to open a U.S. Trade Fair. It was symbolic of the new mood here that the first jet ever to land at Conakry's Russian-built airport was a U.S. commercial airliner inaugurating regular direct service from New York and carrying the personal representative of President Kennedy. Ranking members of Guinea's cabinet were at the side of the plane to greet Shriver as an honored guest of the government.

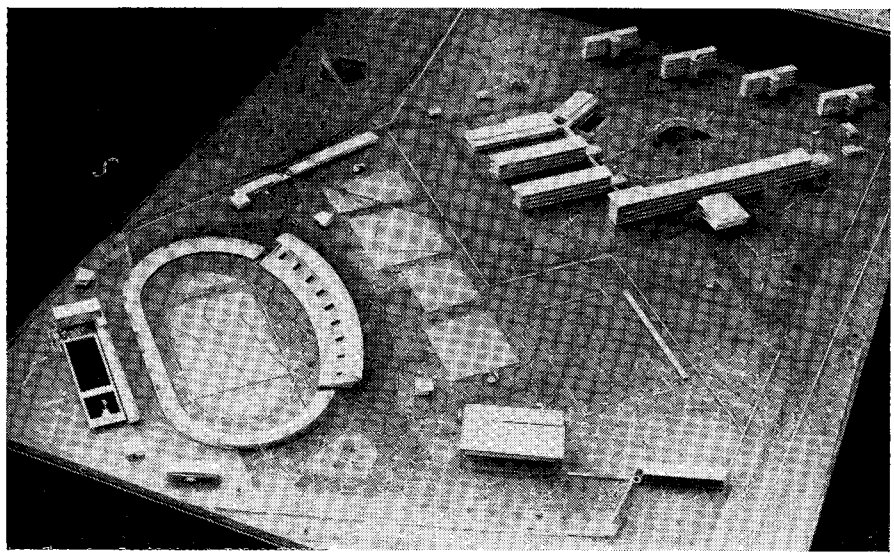
But the real turning point in Guinea's evolving relations with East and West came last autumn in the crisis over Soviet missiles in Cuba. Striving to organize an airlift to Cuba to get past the U.S. blockade at sea, the Russians formally requested permission to use Conakry's airport as their jumping-off point for direct flights to Havana. This was the kind of military-political purpose for which the Soviets had really built the airport in the first place. Such reinforcement by air would certainly have made the Cuban crisis more dangerous and a solution more difficult.

Touré was polite but firm as he resisted the urgent Soviet entreaties. He said he must and would maintain Guinea's neutrality. (It is noteworthy that Senegal also refused the Soviets permission to use Dakar's airport.)

What made an African leader, often branded pro-Communist in the United States, stand steadfast in a time of gravest trial for the West? It is important that Americans understand.

The stresses of social, political, economic, and cultural transformations around the globe, converging upon us with unprecedented intensity, must not confound us into oversimplification of





THE MAN AND THE COUNTRY—Top, Sekou Toure, president of Guinea, as he addressed the National Territorial Assembly on his country's Independence Day; center, one of three nine-story apartments built for employees of FRIA's new aluminum plant near the town of Sabende; bottom, model of a Russian-financed stadium and polytechnical school now under construction in Conakry to train technicians.

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complex situations. Oversimplified dialectics led the Russians astray in Guinea, for there are some Russians loose in the world who are just as capable of miscalculations, mistakes, and mishandling abroad as some Americans have been. Russians are not ten feet tall everywhere overseas; it is well for us to know this also. They proved to be human and fallible in Guinea, even as we have in Laos.

Sékou Touré is a self-made African leader of great personal force, magnetism, and ability. He is passionately dedicated to Africa for the Africans. Having succeeded after years of political struggle in freeing Guinea from French colonialism, he had no desire to see his country become a Soviet satellite. When he learned two years ago that the Soviet embassy had been working in collusion with pro-Communist union leaders and teachers to infiltrate his regime, he reacted vigorously. He sent the Soviet ambassador home, jailed the Guinean leaders of the intrigue, and cleaned out the whole undercover apparatus. When he suspected that the Czechs were printing clandestine Guinean francs to finance Communist activity in Guinea he arranged for his currency to be printed in Britain.

POLITICALLY sophisticated through his experience with French trade unions and as a former member of the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, where he and other African leaders were lionized by the left-bank elite, Touré was quick to perceive and resist efforts to make him a Soviet puppet as he had been to oust the French colonial administration. One mistake the Russians made was to convince Touré they really aimed to turn his country into a satellite instead of an independent ally.

Guinea is a country with critical economic problems and urgent needs. Soviet aid concentrated on large, showy propaganda projects unrelated to the nation's basic needs, needs such as more elementary and secondary education for a populace nearly 90 per cent illiterate, vocational training in government and industry, better agriculture and animal husbandry, small industries, and good roads.

Soviet aid, at first impressive to Guineans eager to plunge into the industrial mainstream of the twentieth century with the guidance of their friends with the proven formula, eventually backfired. Communist equipment was inferior and unsuited to the brutal climate of equatorial Africa, in which rust and rot are real enemies. The Communist blueprint for a state-managed economy failed to stimulate production, profits, or efficiency. Production declined and foreign exchange earnings shrank while paper work, red tape, and the budget ballooned. The economy stagnated, and the Soviet barter deals, which had appeared so tempting, locked Guinean trade into a straitjacket, depriving the government of needed foreign exchange while enabling the Communist bloc to sell Guinea's products on the world market for hard currencies. Soviet barter merchandise shipped here was inferior and overpriced.

GUINEANS are a friendly, relaxed people, but with pride in their role in Africa. It is evident in the way in which they greet visitors, in the straight, graceful carriage of their bodies, and in the colorful, immaculate clothes they wear. The technicians and advisors from Russia and various Eastern European satellites got along poorly in Guinea. They spoke little if any French and therefore seemed uncultured. They kept to themselves, thereby creating the impression they thought they were racially superior. The Chinese mixed very poorly. The easygoing Guineans did not like to toe the line of nondeviationist conduct prescribed by their Communist comrades.

There were reports here and elsewhere in Africa from African students in Russia and the satellites that they were subjected to racial discrimination and that their education was really indoctrination. Their experiences were contrasted with the happier reports from students who had gone to France, Britain, or the United States.

Soviet tactics and personnel, like their programs and their equipment, did not work out in the social, economic, and geographical environment of Guinea. Thus the Soviets had to learn about Africa the hard way, and vice versa, and so have the Americans.

The Kennedy Administration responded to African developments by strengthening our diplomatic missions with young, able, imaginative ambassadors such as William Attwood here and Philip M. Kaiser in Senegal, and by developing programs suited to the real needs of this area.

Attwood, fluent in French, with a lively mind, an easy, informal manner, and a quick wit, arrived in Conakry two years ago at the high tide of Communist influence. He had no multimillion-dollar aid program in his portfolio, but he did have the personal support of President Kennedy, who had said, "What we want for the Africans is what they want for themselves." Attwood has had nothing to propagandize here except Guinea's independence, prosperity, and political stability.

Agricultural experts were brought in to help enlarge Guinea's rice crop. A project is under way to provide a $100,000 network of small presses throughout the country to extract the highly prized oil of the palm kernels and then refine it—about 4,000 tons a year—for soap and food. This will enable Guinea to stop importing this oil, as she now has to, and thus save needed foreign exchange. President Kennedy has personally pushed this project after discussing it with Touré at the White House during the African leader's successful visit last fall.

A U.S. aid program of some $25,000,000 is now in motion, providing rice and wheat to enrich the Guinean diet and, among other things, help develop their domestic airline to link a country that is now served only by an uncertain railroad and rutted, dusty roads, often not much better than trails through the bush, along which monkeys scamper among the scattered villages and an occasional elephant trumpets. A number of promising Guinean students are now in the U.S.—approximately 170—as part of U.S. aid.

Throughout his disappointing experience with state planning of a central economy for Guinea, Touré had before him the steadily successful example of a most unusual venture in free enterprise, FRIA, a $154,000,000 consortium of French, British, Swiss, West German, and American interests organized to develop one of the largest bauxite reserves in the world. Olin-Mathieson of the U.S. owns 48.5 per cent of FRIA, but the large Pechiney interests of France provide the principal technical and administrative direction of this operation. It has been a breath-taking achievement for the Guineans to observe while Communist state enterprises floundered.

OUT in the middle of the most desolate bush country, about 100 miles from Conakry, bumping along a rutted dusty road in a battered old car, which the Guinean driver happily handles at an average speed of sixty miles an hour to "stay on top of the ruts," the car suddenly turns a shoulder in the mountains where, across a valley full of monkeys, white crows, deer, turtle doves, and crocodiles, a visitor is startled to see a vast plant and a modern city with skyscraper apartment buildings.

On arrival the sense of astonishment is intensified. The plant, one of the most modern in the world, will produce 500,000 tons of alumina this year. It has a total force of about 1,100 employees, of whom some 750 are Guineans, and accounts for approximately one-half of Guinea's entire export earnings. It sits on a mountain of almost pure bauxite, estimated to be

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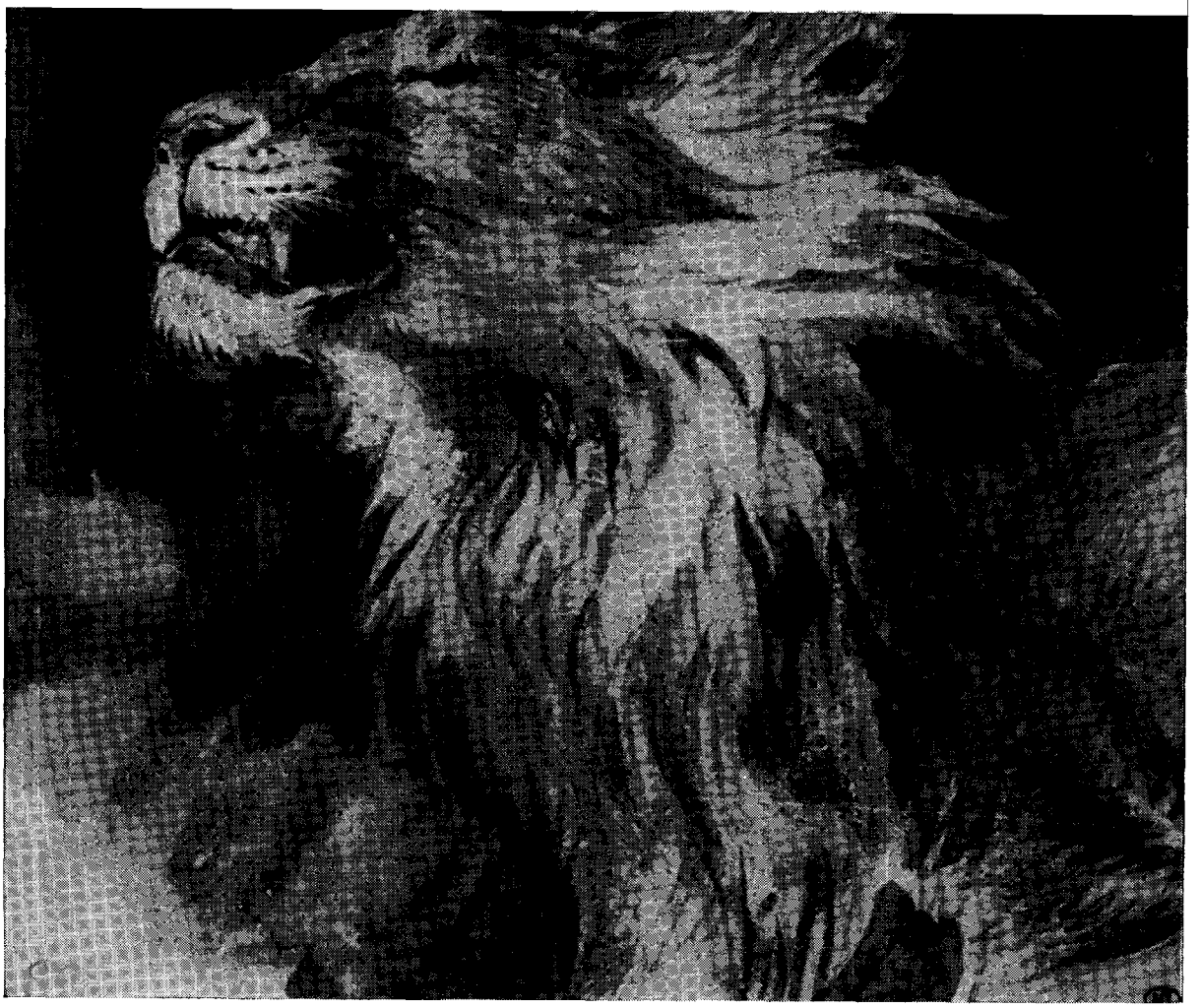

"Head of Roaring Lion," 1843 —*The Louvre.*

DELACROIX: PROPHET IN PAINT

By KATHARINE KUH

PARIS.

THE Delacroix exhibition at the Louvre is, as the French say, *formidable*. Building up step by step, it leaves one breathless, partly because of sheer size (almost 700 works including paintings, watercolors, and drawings), but chiefly because of the artist's inexhaustible powers of invention. Not many painters in history could survive such complete exposure.

If today Delacroix' subjects seem overromantic, even alien, there is no denying that his methods set the pace for much of modern art. Present-day eyes tend to look more sympathetically on the honest realism of his contemporary, Gustave Courbet, but it would be folly to underestimate Delacroix merely because he infused a hard-earned freedom with extravagant and occasional high-flown gestures. No artist in the entire nineteenth century, a century of glory for French painting, broke ground more courageously than he. Technically a consummate innovator, he remained something of an anomaly, imposing electrifying new methods on familiar trappings of the past. As Maurice Serullaz, Commissioner General of the exhibition, observes in the catalogue, Delacroix was at once the last great Renaissance master and the first great modern one.

Recalling Turner, who also outpaced the Impressionists, Delacroix as early as 1826 was breaking color into stabs of startling luminosity. The following year he produced several extraordinary studies so full of light and sensuous color that they could have been painted by Renoir a good half-century later. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that in Delacroix one finds the antecedents of every important nineteenth-century French artist who came after him, not to mention the Dutchman, Van Gogh, and the irrepressible Spaniard, Picasso, with his series "The Women of Algiers."

For me, heretofore only a dutiful admirer of Delacroix, the show was a revelation, particularly the profusion of oil, watercolor, and pencil sketches, often produced at white heat by a hand so mercurial as to defy analysis. At best, Delacroix' work bristles with speed, air, light, and emotion. At its least interesting, an occasional composition seems bent on little more than official salon recognition. And yet even when the artist was patently overdramatic, the magnitude of his feeling, the opulence of his palette justified what in anyone else might have become pretentious posturing.

The exhibition, which opened early

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"Portrait of Chopin as Dante," 1845-47 —*The Louvre.*

in May to remain on view through September, will become, I predict, an irresistible magnet for visitors interested in art. Arranged chronologically in the lofty Grand Galerie of the Louvre, and continued upstairs in the Cabinet des Dessins, key works are brilliantly documented with multiple studies so juxtaposed as to permit simultaneous comparison. To see innumerable preliminary sketches next to great final compositions, starting with the 1822 *Dante and Virgil* and continuing through the late fluid *Lion Hunts,* is to realize how tirelessly Delacroix experimented.

The more informal the study, the more exciting its execution. In his drawings—nervous, taut, agitated—each furious line communicates unbounded energy. There are pencil sketches that dance with flexibility; there are tempera paintings where a racing brush turns conventional subjects into streaks of emotion; there are small watercolor landscapes of surpassing tenderness; there are tiny interiors filled with vast space; there are forms that defy definition as they merge into a surging, moving mass; there are probing portraits and, above all, densely interwoven compositions. This master visionary found no *tour de force* beyond his means.

Not surprisingly, he was less interested in still life than in more active subjects. Like Rubens, to whom he was prodigiously indebted, Delacroix was drawn to daring baroque compositions filled with figures plunging in and out of shadowy depths. Again and again, his brooding skies are offset by those glowing reds that have become his virtual trademark. In the North African paintings, mysterious shadows are often relieved by contrasting areas of piercing sunlight. The late works

"Study for a Ceiling at the Palais-Bourbon"

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produced before his death are characterized by a lighter palette, looser brushstrokes, and an increasing emphasis on luminosity as a source of emotion. The exhibition is tangible proof of how vitally the Impressionists were influenced by this artist, as were the Post-Impressionists and even the Expressionists of our own century.

The Louvre's collection of Delacroix is staggering. Many of the top oils, most of the myriad drawings, watercolors, and sketchbooks in the show belong to this museum. In comparison, representation from other countries is feeble, though the United States, happily, is by far the largest lender outside of France. But it is only in the artist's native land that one can even begin to take his full measure. I recall seeing a Delacroix show at Venice during 1956, which, in light of the present survey, provided little more than a shadowy introduction. Reminiscent of the great Caravaggio exhibition that made history in Milan some years ago, this inclusive panorama of Delacroix at the Louvre has been organized on a similar comprehensive scale with understanding, with imagination, and, best of all, *con amore*.

In addition to the two shows at the Louvre, the Bibliothèque Nationale is also honoring the centennial of Delacroix' death with a survey of his prints, while at his home and studio in the Rue Furstenberg, an exhibition called "Delacroix, Citizen of Paris" gives an intimate picture of the man himself. Among the letters, memorabilia, portraits of and by his friends, souvenirs of Morocco, personal belongings, and documents, appear such illustrious names as Géricault, Bonington, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Daumier, Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, and of course Chopin, whom Delacroix particularly cherished. As a climax to this absorbing auxiliary exhibit, Fantin-Latour's now famous canvas, *Hommage à Delacroix*, proves once again how dynamically this artist captured the imagination of his contemporaries and followers. Painted the year Delacroix died, the composition includes ten distinguished men grouped around a large portrait of their idol, among them Whistler, Manet, Legros, Bracquemond, and Fantin-Latour himself.

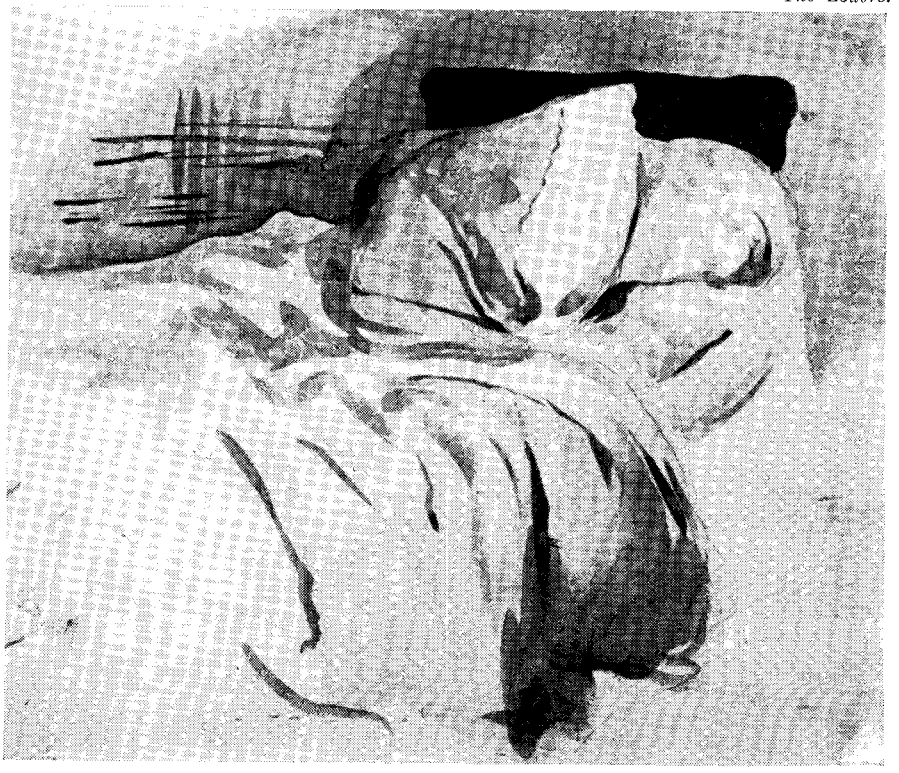
Here one senses the world of Eugène Delacroix, urbane, cultivated, steeped in history, supremely civilized. Printmaker, mural painter, draughtsman par excellence, gifted writer as evidenced by his remarkable *Journal*, indefatigable traveler and, not least, Gallic to his fingertips, Delacroix emerges from these joint exhibitions as a complete personality in the round and as an artist of unbelievable fecundity.

—*The Louvre.*

"Horse and Fallen Rider," 1862

"An Unmade Bed," early watercolor

—*The Louvre.*



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The Rusty Bells of Hope

WITH the single exception of death, mankind's classic enemy is hunger. All through the historical period, right up to the present moment, our best thinkers have stood paralyzed before the problem of how to grow enough food to keep expanding populations well fed.

In recent years, however, a heterodox but hopeful approach to this problem has been worked out by a modest Los Angeles organization known as Meals for Millions. According to Dr. Henry Borsook, a Caltech biochemist who is research director of Meals for Millions, we are tying the fight against hunger too closely to agriculture.

"It is easier, cheaper, and often more convenient," Dr. Borsook says, "to get vitamins and minerals from sources other than food. In fact, the whole promise of coping with world food problems depends on our using industrial sources. . . . the source of an essential nutrient is immaterial. It may come from a food which is grown, it may be mined, or it may come from a factory."

What Dr. Borsook is proposing, then, is nothing less than an Industrial Revolution in the field of nutrition. The main feature of this revolution is that it involves no added agricultural production. Instead, it makes use of foodstuffs not previously utilized as human fare.

The key to MFM's success is a coarse-grained food supplement that comes in three different formulas, one of which "looks like sawdust and tastes like turkey dressing." Like the Shmoo of comic-strip fame, this multi-purpose food (MPF) is a surpassingly obliging source of nutriment: it can be poured onto the tongue and chewed as is; it can be mixed in as a supplement with all dishes; it violates no religious, tribal, or other dietary laws; and a one-meal portion costs just three cents.

Specifically, this two-ounce, three-cent portion supplies vitamins, proteins, and minerals equivalent to the nutrients in one quarter of a pound of beef, a baked potato, a dish of peas, and a glass of milk. MPF is also synergistic: it combines with all foods to bring out latent nutritive qualities. As a result, even one-ounce portions of MPF can boost marginal or substandard diets to healthful levels.

The story of MPF began in the Depression days when California restaurateur Clifford Clinton used to offer the unemployed soup-and-bread meals for a penny. In 1943, Mr. Clinton underwrote experiments by Dr. Borsook at Caltech, with the aim of developing for use in his cafeterias a cheap, high-protein food that would keep without refrigeration. Dr. Borsook's solution was to utilize waste husks left after the oil is pressed out of soybeans. To this cheap material, which had traditionally been used for stock fodder, he added amino acids, vitamins, minerals, and flavoring, and came up with an eminently edible mixture that looks like corn meal.

This early version of MPF proved so successful as the basis of cheap meals for indigent Americans that Mr. Clinton decided after World War II to make it available to starving people in the food-deficit nations. In 1946, Mr. Clinton set up the nonprofit foundation known as Meals for Millions; its first office was a basement room in one of his cafeterias. Then, as now, the foundation struggled along on public donations. Its aim is to feed starving people, meanwhile teaching them how to produce MPF themselves, so as to put MFM out of business at some future time.

Though it is plagued by a chronic shortage of funds, more than 73,000,000 meals have been sent to starving people in 143 countries, territories, and island dependencies; and the files in MFM headquarters at 215 West 7th Street, in Los Angeles, overflow with letters of thanks for "The Friendship Food."

The head nurse of the Schweitzer clinic at Lambaréné wrote, "It is wonderful food. The patients like it and it does them great good. . . . They love the flavor of MPF in crocodile soup. . . . We have used MPF sparingly because we do not know that we might be so fortunate as to receive more."

The late Dr. Tom Dooley wrote, "Our day-by-day performance is hardly the kind that will move mankind, but if you could see it, it might shake the rusty bells of hope. Keep supporting our teams with your food. . . . it is an integral, important part of our daily therapy. . . . You could say MPF is Dooley's third hand."

The MFM self-help program has been especially successful in India, Japan, Mexico, and Brazil, which have taken over production of MPF themselves, adapting the formula to local conditions. India, for instance, uses a base of peanut meal and Bengal gram instead of soy meal. Many other nations are preparing to produce MPF independently.

WHY, then, is the MFM approach not popular with more governments and semi-official agencies? Because, Dr. Borsook says ruefully, "Official agriculture, that is, political and bureaucratic agriculture, tends to be concerned with the farmer's income and not primarily with the people's nutrition."

Meanwhile, Meals for Millions, barely subsisting on donations from the public, carries on its world-wide anti-hunger campaign with a staff of only twenty workers.

Whatever the merits of the industrialization-versus-agriculture imbroglio, it is clear that MFM's here-and-now work is winning for it a response best expressed by Dr. Tom Dooley in his last recorded interview: "I wish I could fly all the Meals for Millions supporters half a world away to Laos, so that you could hear the thunder of their thanks."

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VISIONS AND VALUES

MARGARET MEAD's challenging article "Recapturing the Future" [*SR*, June 1] recalls William James's famous observations on the moral equivalent of war. It also raises the seemingly neglected question: Where were the conscience and the intellectual vision of the scientific élite when it first tackled atomic fission with all its potential for good and evil? Humanity was so obviously unready for this step. Expressions of regret are rather late when we face the very end of Western man. And if there was not enough social responsibility in the scientific world then, one wonders how much there is in the frightened and divided councils of statesmen now. . . .

BERNHARD MOLLENHAUER.

San Diego, Calif.

MARGARET MEAD writes: "What we need most are political and physical equivalents for the functions that war has served. . . . Free from the threat of war, exploration of outer space and the depth of the seas awaits [man's] efforts."

But will he find what he is looking for in either place?

Perhaps the answer to all of Miss Mead's "problems" is to be found in the quotation from Carl Jung on page 23 of the same issue: "Only if we know that the thing which truly matters is the infinite can we avoid fixing our interest upon futilities, and upon all kinds of goals which are not of real importance."

MRS. CHARLES MUSKAVITCH.

Auburn, Calif.

ANIMALS IN THE LABORATORY

FOR A LONG TIME I have liked Cleveland Amory's FIRST OF THE MONTH column for its fine style, its civilized tone, and its good content. Now he has won my admiration for his courage in taking up the fight against the torture of animals in laboratories [*SR*, June 1]. He will probably be assassinated, but he will perish in a good cause. . . .

FLORENCE H. MORGAN.

Tucson, Ariz.

I READ Mr. Amory's column with a mixture of horror and disbelief. Such evidence reads like a tale told at a mad tea party about a medieval torture chamber. These scientific sadists are the pacemakers for every moral degenerate who moves under the guise of Homo sapiens.

EUGENE WEIGER.

Irvington, N.J.

THE THOUGHT OF our magnificent family pet or the homely mutt that tips our garbage can being subjected to such treatment is revolting. Still, bad as that is, this is not in my opinion the worst part of this whole mess. The worst feature is the human hand behind these probes into pain. What kind of man is he? Can truly valuable conclusions be formed in a numbed brain with a hard heart . . .?

JANE MACHAK.

Grayslake, Ill.

A MILLION THANKS for the column about cruelty to laboratory animals—it was just what was needed. Only a man of Mr. Amory's prestige can blow this thing up to the necessary nationwide proportions. . . .

MRS. ALBERT E. REINTHAL, JR.

New York, N.Y.

MR. AMORY'S COLUMN made me sick with grief and outrage.

You suggest contributions to the several humane societies, and I hope these contributions will literally pour in. This hideous thing needs the widest possible publicity until it reaches all the way up to a Congressional investigation. . . .

POLLY PETTIT.

Essex Fells, N.J.

I WAS INTERESTED to see Mr. Amory's discussion of the various protective associations for animals. But he failed to mention one that is very important to my way of thinking. It is: WARDS (Welfare of Animals used for Research in Drugs and Surgery), of which Mrs. A. S. Monroney, wife of Senator Monroney of Oklahoma, is president. This organization recognizes the fact that animals will always be used for experimentation. What it seeks to do, and is slowly achieving, is to have the various scientific organizations provide decent care and housing for these animals.

MRS. MARQUIS W. CHILDS.

Washington, D.C.

THOUGH CLEVELAND AMORY'S column was shocking and horrifying, it needed to be published and read and acted upon. I could not finish reading it; as it is, I shall be haunted by thoughts of it for a long time to come. No man who believes in decency can help trying to get the necessary legislation through to counteract these deplorable conditions. . . .

DONNA L. PRECHT.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

CLEVELAND AMORY'S crusade against basic research in biology is nauseating. His arguments are unworthy of a magazine so devoted to truth and the advancement of knowledge as *SR*.

Without the use of experimental animals, few of the breakthroughs in the life sciences (and some of the physical sciences) could have been possible. Eighty years ago, after "torturing" countless frogs, the great anatomist Galvani produced the twitching of a leg that eventually established that reflex action (and indeed all muscular activity) is produced by electricity. This led directly to

"Just bills."

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the development of storage batteries and, in fact, to the growth of the entire field of electrical science. . . .

WILLIAM M. STEPHENS.

Miami, Fla.

I AM NOT IN FAVOR of atomic warfare. I am not in favor of deformed babies. I am not in favor of cruelty to animals. I even agree with Mr. Amory that there is a concept expressed very aptly by the expression "the Great God Science," which is deplorable. There is, however, another concept I would call "the Great God Humanity" that is equally stupid and wicked, and in the group serving this false god I put Mr. Amory and any other backers of the humane treatment bills. You are cutting off the nose to spite the face and throwing the baby out with the bath. Heaven help you or any other mortal if these bills get off the ground.

C. JUDSON KILGORE, M.D.

Ithaca, N.Y.

WHY DID YOU PUBLISH such a piece of garbage? Obviously Mr. Amory is trying to be sensational. Certainly a highly reputable magazine like *SR* isn't trying to sensationalize. That kind of junk belongs in the tabloids, not in a quality magazine.

I have two children whom I love very dearly. As far as medical researchers and laboratory animals are concerned, I don't care how much pain the doctors inflict on cats, dogs, and rats if there is a chance of saving a child's life.

Perhaps Mr. Amory would prefer that they find a cure for shock by experimenting on his children. And ask him someday how he feels about 5,000 deformed thalidomide babies.

I'm in favor of more experimenting on animals, not less.

BAXTER HARWOOD.

Modesto, Calif.

IN YOUR JUNE 1 issue I note that Cleveland Amory, the noted purvevor of somewhat mossy society chitchat, has widened his horizons by joining the antivivisection cultists. In the course of this article he aims some rather unpleasant shafts at me.

Somewhat naïvely and quite possibly libelously, he suggests that I am in the pay of organized medicine. I am not and have never needed to be in the pay of anyone except the editors for whom I work.

Mr. Amory quotes a statement of mine and comments: "It is doubtful if a less credible statement has ever appeared in a national magazine." I must disagree. A number of far less credible statements are made in Mr. Amory's own article. He quotes "authorities"—and violates one of journalism's most basic rules by failing to identify his "authorities" or stating their qualifications. He takes as gospel statements made at a Congressional hearing when everyone knows that at such forums almost *anyone* can say almost *anything*. At one such hearing several years ago praises were sung for a cancer "cure" which was of no more value in treating carcinoma than chewing gum. Dozens of similar examples could be found.

I am sure other readers will share my amazement in finding that *SR* has fallen victim to the distortions and falsifications of the antivivisectionist propagandists.

J. D. RATCLIFF.

Palisades, N.Y.

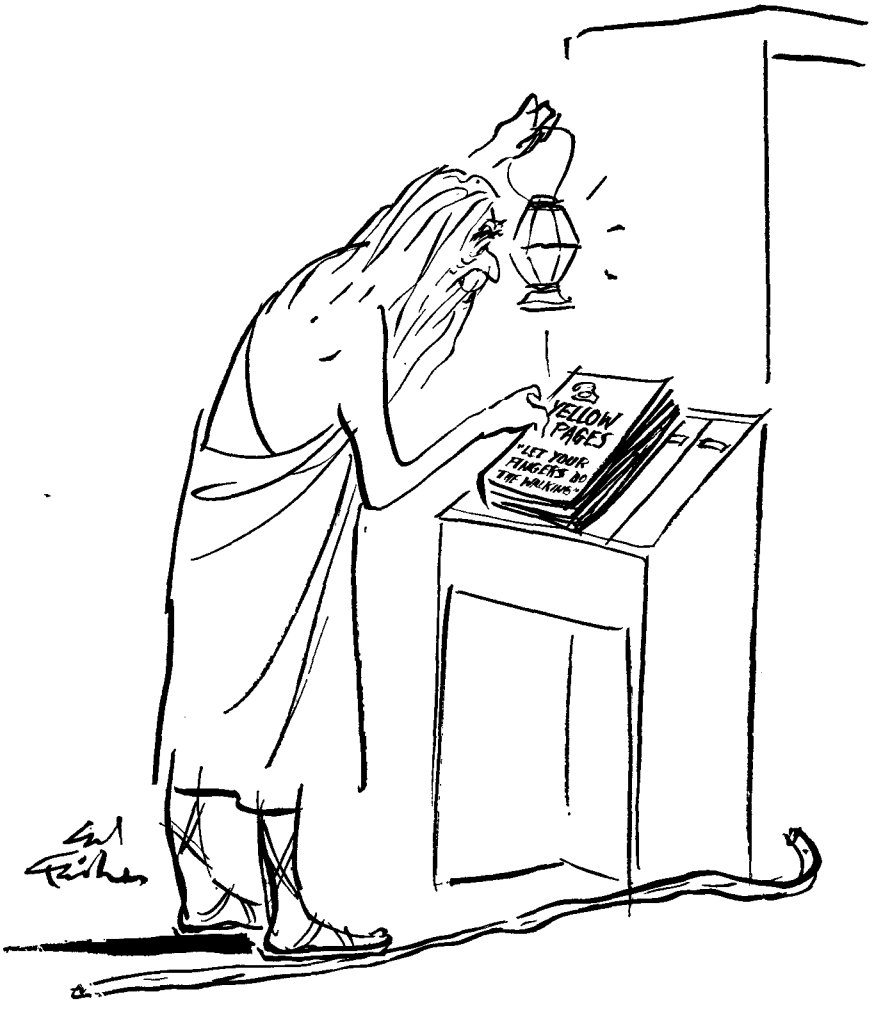
MR. AMORY'S VICIOUS ATTACK on medical research oversteps the bounds of a responsible journalism. His "authority" is testimony before a Congressional committee placed in the record by supporters of antivivisection. There is no evidence that Mr. Amory has personally investigated the matters that he has chosen to place before his readership. Far worse, however, is the fact that Mr. Amory has chosen to interlard these antivivisectionist quotations with attacks upon the motives of those engaged in medical research. It is apparently Mr. Amory's own fabrication when he states that "a large number of [research projects], it seems, will also involve research in how to get next year's grant."

As a long-time subscriber to *SR*, I regret the necessity of asking you to discontinue my subscription forthwith.

ROBERT W. BERLINER, M.D.

Chevy Chase, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Amory replies: "The doctor is, at the very least, mistaken. All of us are immediately accused, blanketly, of being antivivisectionists. I am not an antivivisectionist, nor did any of the testimony I quoted come from antivivisectionists. I would like, however, to issue an invitation for the doctor to visit a laboratory with me."*



I SHOULD LIKE TO suggest an experiment. A group of animal researchers are to be tested to determine how frequently and how vehemently they would be impelled to write to the editor when their research methods are questioned. Reactions to the virulence of epithets (would "sadistic" elicit more protests than "barbaric"?) could be established. Really dedicated participants in the experiment could have their hearts wired to record emotions of pain, fear, and shame.

JAMES HUNT.

Rochester, N.Y.

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

WE APPRECIATED seeing such a thorough review of Charles D. Cremeans's *The Arabs and the World* [*SR*, June 1]. We don't want to carp after such a fine notice, but the book was not credited as being published *by* Frederick A. Praeger, Inc., *for* the Council on Foreign Relations.

It is not without pride that we put our imprint on a book, and we hope you will make note of this correction.

GRACE DARLING,
Council on Foreign Relations.

New York, N.Y.

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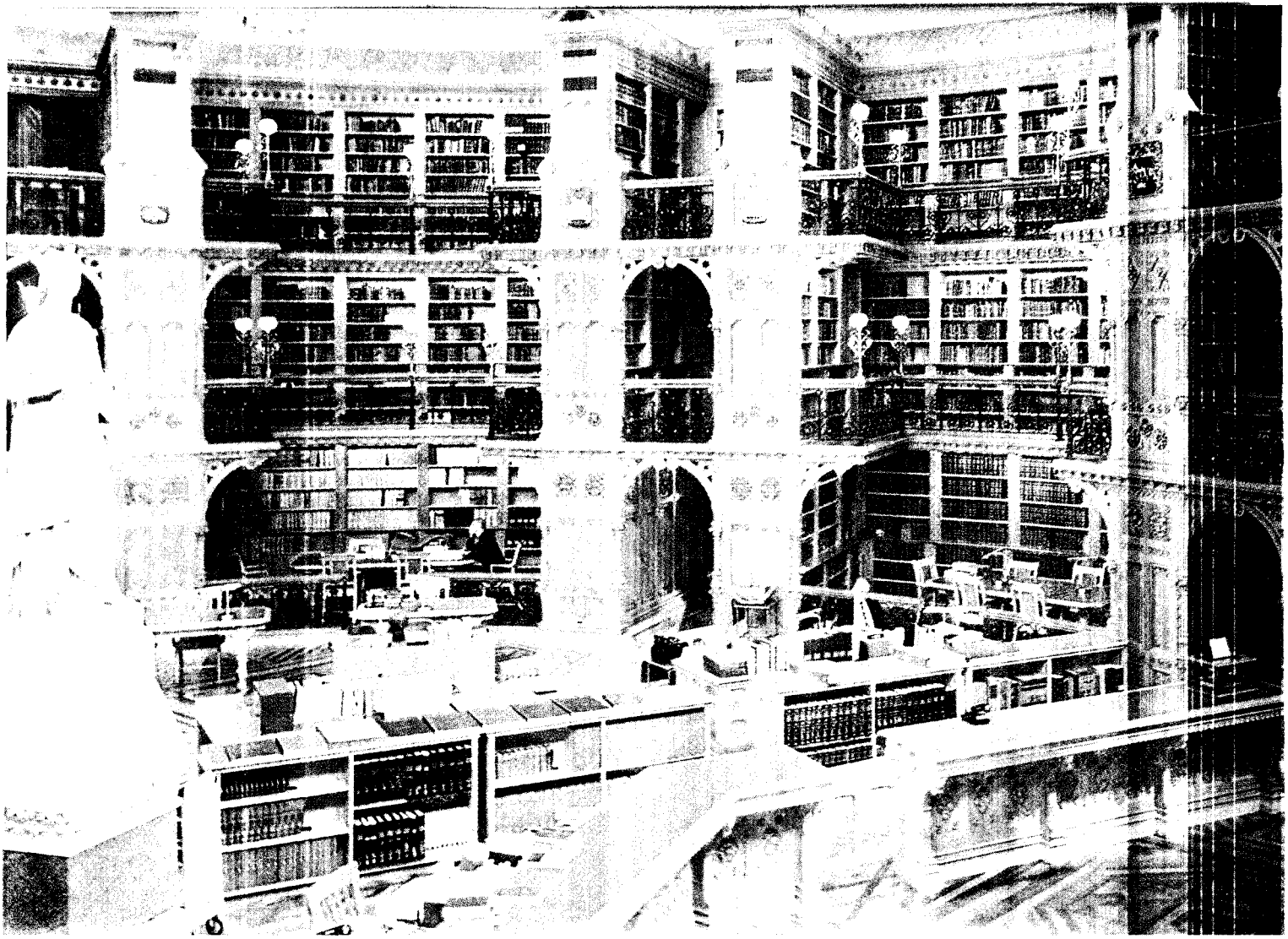

The young Queen Victoria surveys the hand-carved Gothic library, Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.

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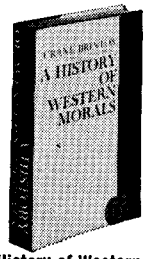

A History of Western Morals, Crane Brinton. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

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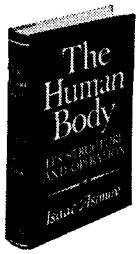
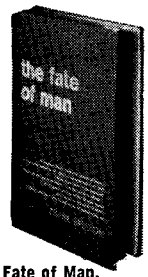
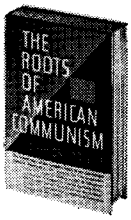


The Human Body: *Its Structures and Operation,* Isaac Asimov. Retail $5.95. Member's price $4.95.



The Fate of Man, edited by Crane Brinton. Including Plato, Sophocles, Aquinas, Spencer, Nietzsche, Engels, Freud, Toynbee, Kant, Whitehead, Kluckhohn, Shapley, Rosenberg, Huxley, and others. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.



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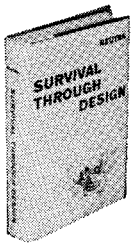
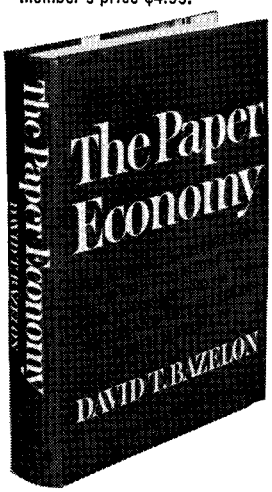


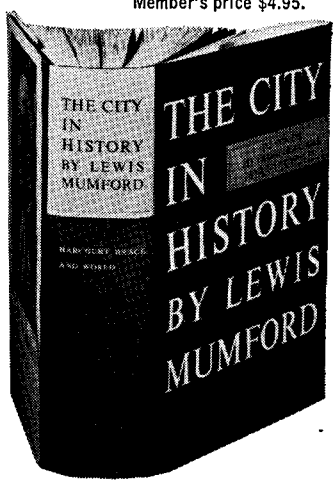
Survival Through Design, Richard Neutra, Retail $6.75. Member's price $3.95.

The Politics of Upheaval, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.95. Member's price $4.95.

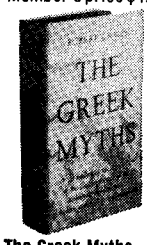
The Children of Sanchez, Oscar Lewis. Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.50.



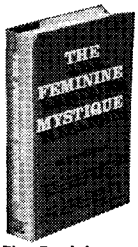
The Paper Economy, David T. Bazelon. Retail $6.95 Member's $5.50



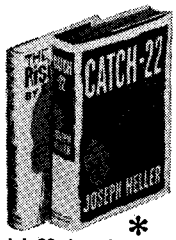
The City in History, Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50. Member's price $6.95.



The Greek Myths, Robert Graves. Retail $5.00.

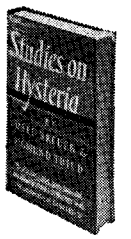


The Feminine Mystique, Betty Friedan. Retail $5.95. Member's price $4.95.



Catch-22, Joseph Heller; *and* **The Rising Gorge,** S. J. Perelman. Combined retail price $10.45. Member's price (for both books) $5.95. *

The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell, edited by Robert E. Egner and Lester E. Dennon. Retail $10.00. Member's price $5.95.



Studies on Hysteria, Sigmund Freud and Josef Breuer. Retail $5.50. Member's price $3.95.

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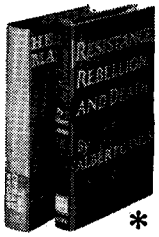

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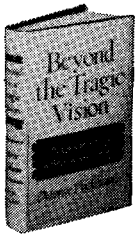

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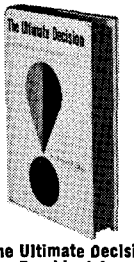

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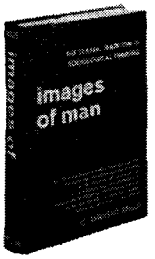

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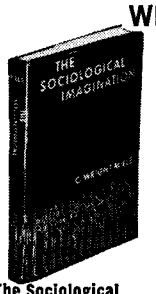

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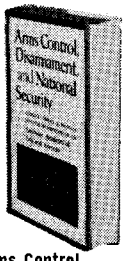

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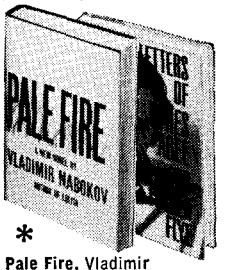

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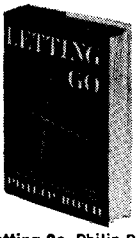

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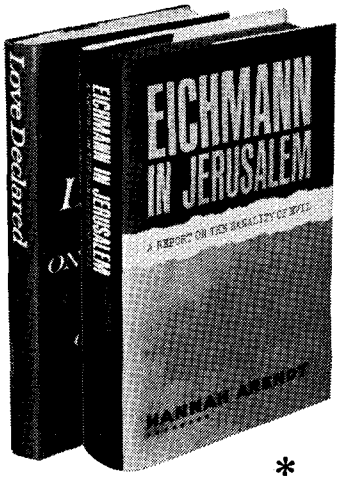

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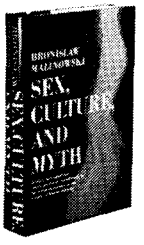

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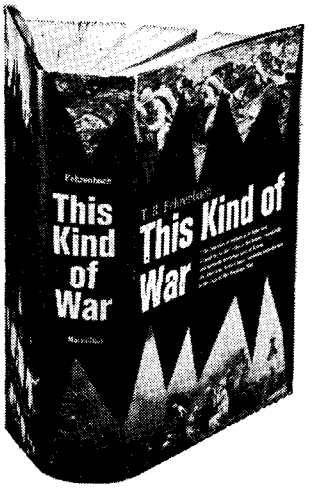

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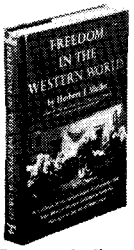

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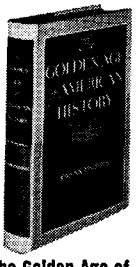

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LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART

—*The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.*

Painting, No. 199 ("Winter"), by Vasily Kandinsky, 1914.

PERHAPS MORE THAN any other artist Kandinsky laid the groundwork for present-day painting. The first man to develop totally nonobjective compositions, he claimed that emotions could be expressed without formal symbols, that different combinations of line, light, color, texture, and movement communicate authentic feelings. Sometimes he improvised, stressing kinetic sensations; sometimes he planned his work with meticulous finesse. Above all, he liberated art from any given point of reference. In this painting, a sense of urgency and excitement results from racing color centrifugally dispersed. A half-century ago Kandinsky discovered that artists need not limit themselves to specific emotions or subjects, that pigment and color can express states of feeling with intense potency. —K.K.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Irma and Nana

IN Billy Wilder's film production of *Irma La Douce* a French bartender (Lou Jacobi) keeps saying, "But that's another story." It is a line that takes on more implication when one visualizes Mr. Wilder and his collaborator, I. A. L. Diamond, adapting the stage musical on which the movie is based. Successful in Paris, London, and New York because of its delightful score, its unpretentious staging, its clever nonsense, and its raffish fantasy, *Irma La Douce* was always a small show that offered "good clean sex." Somehow its idiom of almost untranslatable Parisian argot managed to make itself understood in an English equivalent; lyrics were rewritten, but the music remained. Perhaps Mr. Wilder and Mr. Diamond felt that the show was too frail to survive the change into another medium, but they first of all decided to get rid of the songs and relegate the music to an André Previn sound track, and then decided, almost literally, to beef up the production.

The setting is now Les Halles, the market district of Paris, and for authenticity they presumably hired an entire week's stock from either Armour or Swift to fill a large Hollywood sound stage with sides of beef, shoulders of lamb, and hog flanks. Men from the market, their white coats streaked with blood, sit at Moustache's bar. The need for this realism is not fully clear, for Mr. Wilder and Mr. Diamond then proceed to gambol through the original story, adding inventions of their own as they go along. Now and then the gags work, but often they don't, especially when the characters make feeble references to current Hollywood movies. Where the musical left much to the imagination, the movie makes everything heavily clear, including several variations in sexual behavior that the poules offer to their clients.

As Irma, Shirley MacLaine is called upon to explain that her name means "Irma the sweet." She's a dear, and fits nicely into the noble tradition of screen prostitutes—by which I mean she is cute, lovable, kind, and generous. She holds not a sou back from her "Mec," Jack Lemmon, who starts out as a gendarme and then becomes Irma's protector. Plagued by unseemly jealousy, he invents (as in the stage work) another identity for himself, and in that identity plays double solitaire with Irma. It should be said, by the way, that since both Lemmon and Miss MacLaine are skilful, amusing performers they bring considerable life to the movie. And Lou Jacobi's bartender is a pleasantly warm characterization, underplayed, and in the proper key always. He's a funny man.

But the script is another matter—too often unfunny, a laborious recapitulation of the original plot when it should have been deft and nonchalant, and spelled out to the point of boredom and, I fear, a certain vulgarity. Irma, at the end, clutches her badly pregnant stomach in pain as a priest marries her, *then has her baby in the vestry room* of the church. The Legion of Decency was satisfied enough by this altogether moral conclusion to allow the film a "B" rating. Irma may have been saved on the screen, but she has been prostituted again in California.

THAT popular figure the prostitute is also the subject of *My Life to Live*, a new film by Jean Luc-Godard, who startled so many critics into breathless praise of his first feature effort, *Breathless*. I'd like to be able to join the Godard band wagon, but *My Life to Live* seems to me a solemn but sketchy attempt, not so much organically and artistically conceived as arbitrarily put together. The separation of the film into twelve brief "chapters" is a clever but superficial way of focusing a great many otherwise unrelated incidents in the life of a pretty Parisian girl called Nana who drifts into prostitution.

There is method in Godard's haphazardry, of course, and through an almost improvizational feeling he hopes to reach an area of drama and infuse it with life and meaning. The trouble with the method is that it requires an unending series of happy accidents. Godard, I gather, writes his scripts day by day as he goes along, and the risk of this is that the form can easily become misshapen, as happens in *My Life to Live*.

Anna Karina, on the other hand, almost saves the film with her performance, assuming one can accept so beautiful a girl as fated for the life she leads. She doesn't act, but merely allows herself to be observed. Her very artlessness, her ability to seem unaware that a camera is remotely near, is often very affecting—that is, until she is obscured by Godard's anxiety to prove himself an artist.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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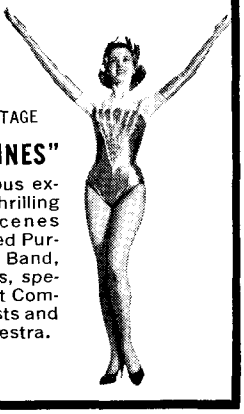

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TV AND RADIO

The Continuing Contract

ONE cannot leave off reflecting upon Newton N. Minow's resignation as chairman of the Federal Communications Commission without examining the notion that somehow he broke the contract he made with the public interest when he stepped into the job. His appointment as a commissioner was for seven years; he quit after twenty-seven months. Had Minow remained in office, and had President Kennedy lost the White House to a Republican in 1964, the former chairman would have been replaced as head of the federal regulatory agency but he would have continued to serve as a commissioner. Had the Democrats held the Presidency after 1964, he might have looked forward to continuing reappointments as chairman.

In an important period of his career, however, Minow would have been earning no more than $20,500 a year. The Chicago attorney was brought to Washington in keeping with President Kennedy's policy of recruiting able men for key federal positions. The very talents that made him attractive to the President as a regulatory executive are also valued highly by a private corporation that will now, according to reports, pay him better than $75,000 a year.

Minow's admirers would have preferred to see him stay, but they can understand the economic force that drew him away from government service. Few people have a moral right to demand a measure of performance from others that they themselves would be reluctant to offer. An FCC chairman whose regulatory philosophy is that of a liberal Democrat knows at the beginning of his appointment that he will encounter severe opposition from the broadcasting industry and little significant support from Congress. He makes his moves, endures the storms, and for a while the game is worth the candle—particularly if he is not anticipating a post-FCC job with the industry he regulates and if he does not intend to practice communications law in Washington. Sooner or later he reaches the point of diminishing returns, when the contribution he can make at the cost to his career is outweighed by the built-in frustrations that come with the job. In an interesting interview recently on *David Brinkley's Journal* the former chairman commented briefly on a few of the discouragements. "Very often," he said, "we find ourselves spinning our wheels on stuff that is unimportant. . . . You get frozen; you find you're doing it the other way."

Minow mentioned "the irritating rigidity of the status quo." Perhaps he was thinking of civil service rules that make it difficult for a chairman to hire or fire staff as he wishes, and of needful tasks that remain undone because appropriations are chronically low. The industry maintains a powerful twenty-four-hour-a-day pressure, the former chairman said, and wields great influence. "Nobody wants to be a censor; it's tough to fight it out on this line." And when the chairman approaches Congress with a reform, he is asked: "Where is the public? Who's for this besides you?" The public (unlike the industry) is either apathetic or unorganized. After twenty-seven months of this, one imagines, the pattern became clear to Newton Minow and he began to assess the work he had accomplished and to think of the able new chairman who would replace him and carry on the painfully slow process of seeking the empirical realities of "the public interest" in the American broadcasting system. We too often forget history. Those of us who were disappointed at Minow's resignation should have recollected what Walter B. Emery wrote in his book *Broadcasting and Government* (1961): "The eleven men who have served as chairman of the FCC have been clobbered unmercifully. One died in office. Three succumbed shortly after leaving the job. Of those still alive, two have related that they suffered serious health impairments as a result of the experience." The average tenure in the embattled post of FCC chairman has been two years.

Edmund Burke wrote that society is a contract, but "as the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born." Instead of judging FCC chairmen by their length of service, we might reshape our expectations. Newton Minow's contract was perhaps not with us but with the past chairmen of the commission who have been active fighters for the public interest—Fly, Durr, Porter, Denny, Walker—and with the new chairman, E. William Henry, and those who will follow him. Each chief of the agency seems to make but a small change in the institutional framework of broadcasting. Perhaps, in time, if the people can be made to see the truer outlines of the public interest, the small changes will add up to an entire new framework.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SONNETS AND SUCH

"Scorn not the Sonnet," said Wordsworth, but can you tell an Italian sonnet from a Shakespearean? Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, presents the formulas for both of these, together with those for other frozen verse patterns, and asks you to sort them out. Answers on page 38.

1. Italian sonnet	( )	ababbcc
2. limerick	( )	abababcc
3. ottava rima	( )	aba bcb cdc ded
4. rime royal	( )	ABaAabAB
5. rondel	( )	ababcdcdefefgg
6. roundel	( )	abbaabbacdecde
7. Shakespearean sonnet	( )	aabba
8. Spenserian stanza	( )	ababbcbcc
9. terza rima	( )	ABbaabABabbaAB
10. triolet	( )	aba (refrain) bab aba (refrain)

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Oh What a Lovely Class Struggle

LONDON.

LIKE New York, London has come to the end of one of its poorest theatre seasons. There is currently on the London boards no play by any such long-established figure as Fry, Rattigan, Coward, Ustinov, Whiting, or Greene. Nor is there anything by newer playwrights like Osborne, Pinter, Wesker, Bolt, and Delany. Of the latter group only Peter Shaffer—whose two short plays, *The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye*, opened here late last season—has been willing and able to flourish.

To fill the void, British producers have turned to presenting works by new playwrights. These include James Saunders's *Next Time I'll Sing to You*, which attempts a new form of dramatic exploration that bores some and intrigues others; Bill Naughton's *All in Good Time*, which might be described as *Tea and Sympathy* transferred to a lower-class family in the North Country; Frank Hilton's *Day of the Prince*, which satirizes British lower middle-class family life through the device of challenging one family's expectations that their pretty daughter will marry a prince by offering it a dark-skinned Jamaican immigrant as the regal candidate; and, of course, Charles Dyer's *Rattle of a Simple Man* in a more accurate but somewhat less remarkable presentation than the current production on Broadway.

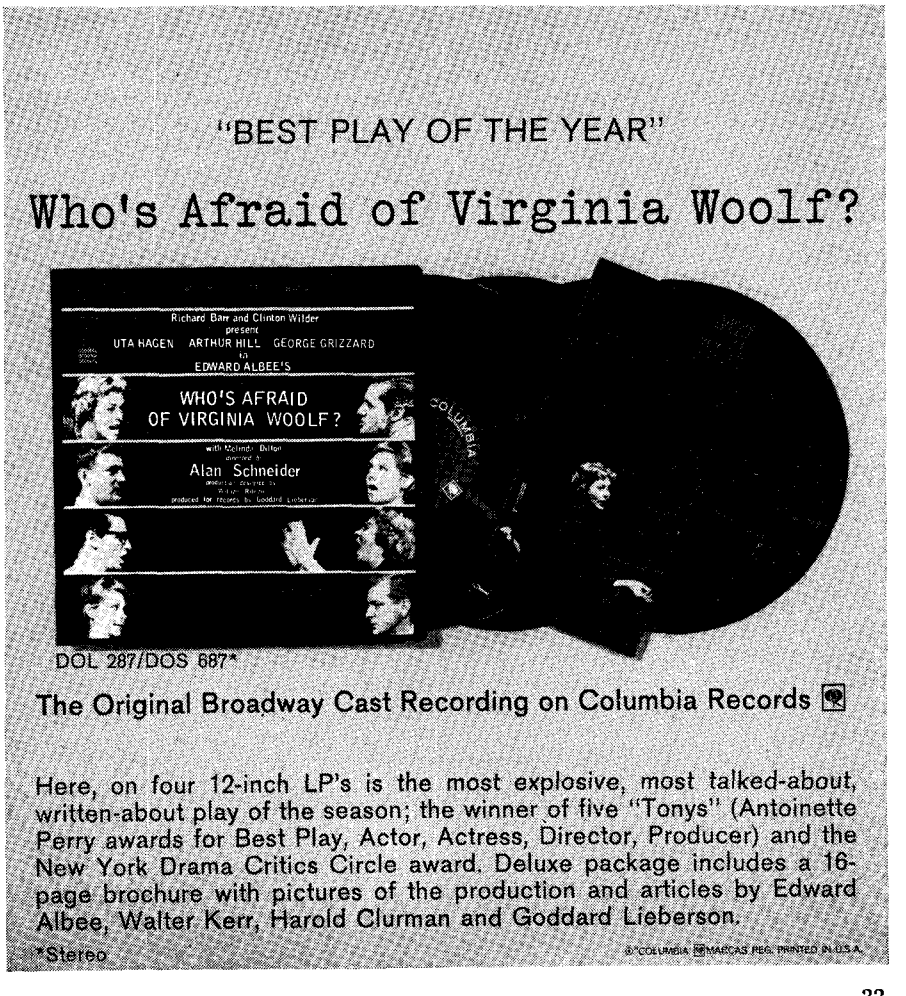
But it is a director who has fashioned the liveliest entry of the season. Joan Littlewood has returned from a year's holiday to mount *Oh What a Lovely War* at her little theatre in London's East End. In it Charles Chilton has collected a series of incidents and songs from World War I that juxtapose grotesque horror, patriotic good cheer, and the incredible stupidity and insensitivity of the upper-class leadership. These are performed by a company dressed in clown costumes against the background of gay electric light arrangements and a moving electric sign that flashes casualty bulletins at the audience. The production both entertains and indicts. While that indictment may strike Americans as stale stuff, tradition-bound England is still startled to discover that the tenets that made a ludicrously inefficient World War I possible are still fairly prevalent today. And ironically, Miss Littlewood, who loudly protested against the debilitating process of moving her successful productions to the West End, now finds herself doing the same thing with *Oh What a Lovely War*.

There is also a certain amount of implied social criticism in *The Bed Sitting Room*, by John Antrobus and Spike Milligan. In it a man survives a "nuclear accident" only to find himself being transmuted into a bed sitting room. But the story itself seems only a nominal excuse for the zany antics of Mr. Milligan and his merry crew. Some of these antics are hilarious, and the best one comes after the final curtain when Mr. Milligan plays the national anthem on a penny whistle, carefully stopping on the penultimate note. From behind the curtain the startled audience hears, "If you'll stand for that, you'll stand for anything." Then, as we all start to leave, we are surprised to hear the final note of the anthem.

For pure fun, there is *Virtue in Danger*, a musical version of Vanbrugh's 1697 comedy, *The Relapse*. The carryings-on are reasonably colorful and witty, and the songs are moderately pleasing. While another new musical, *Half a Sixpence* (based on H. G. Wells's *Kipps*), offers a book and songs that are less than captivating, the show features Tommy Steele, a young entertainer who combines the energy and affability of Danny Kaye with an unsophisticated, unpretentious personality.

Among the promised delights of the summer season are: Sir Ralph Richardson in William Ball's production of *Six Characters in Search of an Author;* Dame Peggy Ashcroft's appearance at Stratford in *The Wars of the Roses*, which is a condensation of Shakespeare's *King Henry VI*, Parts 1, 2, and 3 and *Richard III;* Chichester Festival performances of *St. Joan*, with Joan Plowright, *Uncle Vanya* with Sir Laurence Olivier, and a new play by John Arden called *The Workhouse Donkey;* an Edinburgh Festival production of Ionesco's *Le Roi se Meurt* starring Sir Alec Guinness; the Royal Shakespeare Company's presentation of *The Beggar's Opera* with Dorothy Tutin and Derek Godfrey; Sir John Gielgud's production of Thornton Wilder's *The Ides of March;* and, capitalizing on the vogue for garnishing Dickens with songs, a musical called *Pickwick*.

—HENRY HEWES.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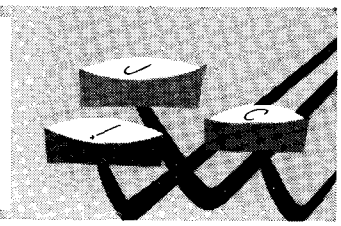
Manner of Speaking



CLASS OF '38: It is time for my class's twenty-fifth reunion, and by the time this goes to press I shall have returned to Tufts (Jackson for the girls) to speak for my class on Alumni Day in the distinguished company of Dr. Vannevar Bush, who will speak for the fiftieth-year class. Such an assignment to be delivered in such company has been enough to chill the sweat of many a midnight. This (eroded) mountain has labored to produce its mouse, and here it is, for whatever it may be worth:

Tradition seems to require a class speaker to find something subtly brilliant to say about the ebb tide at the hairline and the flood tide at the waistline. But every member of the class of '38 will have been eying every other and making his own tidal measurements on the mortal shores of Alumni Weekend. Let the psyche roam that shore to its own conclusions.

But why does a class reconvene after twenty-five years? For myself, I must confess I have not kept in close touch with any of my classmates. Most of us, I am sure, have drifted into the time and distance of our own lives.

Yet there was a time when we sat under the same good teachers in the same classrooms, and I suspect it is the fact of sharing that memory of good teachers that makes us singular and necessary to one another, if only for the few days of Alumni Weekend. Heaven knows, we look strange enough to one another, but every aging stranger among us, like a TV image doubled by a ghost, has a familiar beside him.

That familiar, I suspect, has much to do with ourselves trying to find ourselves. Insuperable tradition demands a certain amount of horseplay and backslapping, but the real summons is to ourselves. I shall even dare think of it as a summons to intellect. Like every good college, Tufts is an inhabited monument to idea, and surely no man ever made it to a Tufts commencement without having been touched by idea.

The only ideas worth having are of the lives of men. And the lives of men often grow most confused as they are best lived. Thoughtful men must endure a constant change of imagination in order to keep the world visible. No class is worth the energies of the good teachers who nurtured it unless it can endure its changes.

Some men do, of course, stultify into practicality, leaving idea out of their lives. We, however, because we were once touched by idea, are more likely to fail, if we do fail, as intellectual backsliders. An intellectual backslider is a man who brings himself into view of a complex question, finds himself overawed by its complexity, and allows himself to settle for an answer too simple for the question he has raised. In so doing, he trades his human assault upon reality for a refuge in an unreal certainty. Nor can it matter that reality is probably unassailable. Any man worthy of his teachers must earn them inside himself by living in the full complexity of what he has been able to learn.

He must earn them a second time by committing his ideas to the lives of men. The class of '38 graduated from a depression into a war. The survivors then graduated from hot war to cold, and to our dizzy imbalance of prosperity and anxiety. Most of us left school still ignorant of the fact that World War II had begun before we were freshmen. I wonder how many are returning now ignorant of the fact that we are living during a revolution?

That revolution has many faces. It has a Russian face. It has a Chinese face. It has a strangely divided European face. It has a dramatic African and Indian face. It has an agonized Latin American face. Colonialism has already been doomed by this revolution. Racism will be the next to go.

The American face of this revolution is the face of the American Negro. More than 18,000,000 Americans are Negroes—about one of every ten American citizens. These Americans are declaring that we cannot survive as a nation in which nine-tenths of our citizens are automatically superior to the other tenth because of skin color and racial features.

The American Negro will win because he is willing to suffer and die for his victory. But it will not be his victory: it will be ours. But it can only be a true victory if it is allowed to be a peaceful one. It must be more than peaceful: it must be one in which we concur and to which we are committed. The equality of the Negro can be enforced by martial law, but such an enforcement would disgrace us all. The only course that can honor us all demands the intellectual courage to endure that change of imagination that will in any case be forced upon us.

I cannot pretend to know how to make smooth our victory in this revolution. But certainly there is no beginning until we have asked ourselves some hard-pressed questions.

Is it possible to have grown up in the United States without racial prejudice? What are the faces of prejudice? How do they come about? How do they reach into and distort our lives? Can we condone prejudice without destroying ourselves? These questions and many more.

One good reason for coming together as classmates is that we may meet and ask these questions in surroundings haunted by the memory of good teachers, living and dead. How does a man live his way into the imagination and need of his times? True, there is no way to the end of such a question, but there is equally no way for a thoughtful man to avoid beginning it. We shall all be better able to dare its complexities if we can keep a reasonably accurate memory of the men who taught us well.

A reasonably accurate memory will not make idols of them. There are no flawless men, and to pretend that there are is to mock the memory of good men who pressed their questions hard but led us to them gently, keeping their confusions as honest and their sympathies as immediate as the human flaw permits. I think what they taught us most is that every honest man is a revolution and every dispassionate one a victory. And I think that every time one more man is brought to his first understanding of such teaching, America grows one mind taller toward our hope. Idea is that college of which there are no alumni but only students. Because Tufts is our school and our memory, we return to her nostalgically, but such nostalgias would be a sickness were they attached to any college or university that taught less than the honesty, the dispassion—and add *the ardor*—of ideas. —JOHN CIARDI.

Dactylic Discourse

By Richard Moore

All who love art will appreciate Virgil.
How does one learn to love art? Read Homer.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Strangers in Paradox

THE NEW Graham Greene book, *A Sense of Reality* (Viking $3.50) is a slender volume indeed, running to 119 pages. But if, from the point of view of quantity, it is not exactly a bargain, it contains four stories that are interesting in themselves and interesting as indicating a new development for Greene.

The title is neatly ironic, for each of the stories raises questions about the nature of reality. Two of them seem fairly typical of Greene, but the other two are closer to fantasy than anything of his with which I am familiar. Both in his thrillers—his "entertainments," as he calls them—and in his serious novels, most of which involve in some way problems of faith, his method is essentially realistic; but here reality proves slippery.

The first and longest story, "Under the Garden," raises sharply the question of what is reality. In a kind of prologue a man named Wilditch learns that he must have what may well be a fatal operation. He decides to visit the house, now occupied by his brother, in which he spent part of his boyhood, and it becomes clear that he is chiefly interested in the scene of a childish adventure—a lake with an island in it. But the lake, according to the brother, is a pond no more than two feet deep, with the so-called island only a good jump from shore.

That evening Wilditch rereads a story that, as a boy of thirteen, he wrote for a school paper, a conventional story about buried treasure. In the margins are the comments made by his mother, a practical, rational Fabian Socialist, who was disturbed by her son's "silly fancies" and by indications of what she thought to be religious sentiments. What chiefly impresses Wilditch is the discrepancy between the meager fiction he had concocted and the wild and terrible dream which he has lived for many years.

This dream he now relates, and it has a strange and impressive quality. It represents the invention of a world utterly different from anything that Wilditch as a child could have known, different from anything that any of us is likely to have known. This world is the absolute antithesis of the ordered society that Wilditch's mother admired, and the dream suggests why he has been all his life a wanderer and an outcast. "He hasn't changed," the old gardener says; "he's off hunting for something, like he always did, though I doubt if he knows what he's after." The question that is raised is whether the dream isn't more real than what is generally accepted as reality.

In the final story, "A Discovery in the Woods," reality itself becomes dreamlike. Greene describes a group of children belonging to an isolated village of fishing people. Where this village is or at what time the action is supposed to be taking place we are never told. One of the children, the leader of the group, urges the others, who have some misgivings, to enter forbidden territory to pick blackberries. Up in the hills they come upon what they think of as a great house but what the reader knows is an ocean liner.

What are we to believe? Perhaps that the people of the village are descendants of the survivors of some great catastrophe. Small in stature, limited in intelligence, they live their primitive lives, with only a few hazy legends to remind them of the past. But a realistic interpretation is not important. What matters is the power of conviction Greene achieves as he describes the adventures and the discoveries of the children.

In "Dream of a Strange Land" two themes are blended. A distinguished doctor, referred to as "the Herr Professor," is visited by one of his poorer patients, who has leprosy. It is the doctor's legal duty to report the illness and send the man to the hospital, and this he is about to do, despite the man's plea that, even if the disease is cured, his life will be ruined.

The Herr Professor has a second vis-

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itor, a colonel of his acquaintance, who has a strange proposition to make: it seems that the Herr General, who is about to celebrate his seventieth birthday, has a passion for gambling, and, since he is unable to go to Monte Carlo, the colonel proposes to create a little Monte Carlo for him. For various reasons, the doctor's house is the only suitable place, and the colonel enthusiastically outlines his plans for transforming it. The doctor reluctantly agrees, saying, "I have never before violated the law." "You could hardly do so in a better cause," the colonel replies.

The transformation is carried out with Germanic efficiency, and the doctor finds himself a stranger in his own home. In the midst of the party the leper returns, and the story works its way to a slightly melodramatic conclusion; but in the meantime the self-assured Herr Professor has found reason to question his sense of reality.

The only one of the stories that touches on religion is "A Visit to Morin." The narrator tells us of his interest as a schoolboy in the work of M. Morin, a Catholic novelist. Though not a believer himself, the narrator has continued to be interested in and puzzled by Morin's novels. Finding himself in the part of France in which Morin lives, he thinks of going to visit him. He does not do so, but by chance he sees the now aged writer at Midnight Mass and observes with astonishment that he does not go up to receive the Sacrament.

Afterward Morin explains that he has been separated from the Church for twenty years, and that he is afraid to go back:

> "I can tell myself now that my lack of belief is a final proof that the Church is right and the faith is true. I had cut myself off for twenty years from grace and my belief withered as the priests said it would. I don't believe in God and His Son and His angels and His saints, but I know the reason why I don't believe and the reason is—the Church is true and what she taught me is true. For twenty years I have been without the sacraments and I can see the effect. The wafer must be more than wafer."
>
> "But if you went back . . ."
>
> "If I went back and belief did not return? That is what I fear, Mr. Dunlop. As long as I keep away from the sacraments, my lack of belief is an argument for the Church. But if I returned and they failed me, then I would really be a man without faith."

This, as Morin himself observes, is paradoxical, but Greene loves paradox. That, of course, as I have said, is the point of the title of this little volume.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

BOOKS IN THE NEWS

180 Degrees from the Left

The Radical Right, *edited by Daniel Bell (Doubleday. 394 pp. $4.95), and* ***The Far Right,*** *by Donald Janson and Bernard Eismann (McGraw-Hill. 259 pp. $5.95), consider such manifestations as the evangelistic and highly profitable "Christian Crusade" and the guerrilla warfare rehearsals of the "Minutemen." Syndicated NANA columnist Victor Lasky, co-author of "Seeds of Treason," has just written a new book, "JFK: The Man and the Myth," to be published in September.*

By VICTOR LASKY

OF LATE there has been a spate of books devoted to exposing, analyzing, and decrying various dreary Right-wing groups whose emergence in recent years appears to have scared many Americans out of their wits. The best known is, of course, the John Birch Society. But just how important are these organizations?

Richard Rovere, a perceptive liberal commentator, has written:

> The press treats the extreme Right as though it were a major tendency in American politics, and certain politicians are as much obsessed with it as certain others are with the extreme Left. If a day arrives when the extreme Right does become a major movement, the press and the obsessed politicians may have a lot to answer for. For the time being, there seems no reason to suppose that its future holds anything more than its present. There is no evidence at all that the recent proliferation of radical, and in some cases downright subversive, organizations of a Rightist tendency reflects or has been accompanied by a spread of ultraconservative views. On the contrary, what evidence there is suggests that the organizations are frantic efforts to prevent ultraconservatism from dying out.

Daniel Bell, editor of *The Radical Right*, quotes this assessment and agrees that it is undoubtedly correct. But what of the future? Should the international situation worsen — if Southeast Asia falls to the Communists, if some South American countries suddenly topple — then, says Professor Bell, "the radical Right could begin to rally support around a drive for 'immediate action,' for a declaration of war in these areas, for a pre-emptive strike, or similar axioms of a 'hard line.'"

Yet there are Americans who favor a "hard line" toward Communism and who, at the same time, condemn extremist excesses with as much fervor as does Professor Bell.

The Radical Right consists of fourteen essays, six of which were first published in 1955 in *The New American Right*, of which this is an "expanded and updated" edition. The contributors include Richard Hofstadter, David Riesman, Nathan Glazer, Peter Viereck, Talcott Parsons, Alan F. Westin, H. H. Hyman, and S. M. Lipset.

Some of the essays are well worth reading. Seymour Lipset, particularly, makes a cardinal contribution to political writing with his detailed analysis of the most prominent Radical Right movements of the past three decades—the Coughlinites, McCarthyites, and Birchites. The differences between these groups are explored with perception. The statistical data are revealing.

Lipset also probes the role of anti-Semitism among the Rightists. "There is much journalistic evidence that anti-Semites have tried to attach themselves to the Birch Society," he says. "But, on the other hand, the dominant leader of the sensible wing of Right-wing conservatism, Barry Goldwater, by descent, is half-Jewish, . . . a fact that he emphasizes rather than conceals. . . ."

Donald Janson and Bernard Eismann, authors of *The Far Right*, seek to make a distinction between the crackpots and "the responsible conservatism represented by Right-wing spokesmen of the major political parties in the United States and others. Although the views of the Far Right and the 'responsible' Right frequently coincide or overlap, the two groups differ in their approaches to achieving their aims. Only the Far Rightist attributes pro-Communist motivation to all who disagree with him."

While it seems to me that at times the distinctions made by the authors are blurred by their own liberal point of view, *The Far Right* does provide a useful rundown on various extremist groups that have recently gained notoriety. Much of the material (particularly on the Birchites) is agonizingly familiar. Some is not. We learn, for example,

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that certain ultraconservative groups dislike Senator Goldwater, even going so far as to charge him with being "tainted by Socialism."

However, a number of the interpretations can be questioned. For example, retired Brigadier General Herbert C. Holdridge, who established the "Constitutional Provisional Government of the United States" in Sherman Oaks, California, is described as "another militarist on the Far Right." But, in calling American Catholics "traitors," American elections "rigged," and television companies "treasonous," might not Holdridge as validly be said to be operating from extreme Left-wing biases?

Also questionable is the description of the prewar American First Committee as "Republican-led." The major figures in this isolationist group included such people as Burton K. Wheeler and other prominent non-Republicans.

We read that Walter Reuther had urged Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy to curb FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover's crusade against Communism and accused the nation's No. 1 G-man of having exaggerated the Red menace, thus contributing to the public frame of mind on which Right-wing extremists feed. Actually, Mr. Hoover has long preached self-restraint in combatting Communism; he has at various times assailed those who would use Communist techniques to combat Communism. *The Far Right* itself quotes his article last year in the *Journal* of the American Bar Association: "Today far too many self-styled experts on Communism are plying the highways of America giving erroneous and distorted information. This causes hysteria, false alarms, misplaced apprehension. . . ."

After viewing the Right-wing menace with alarm for 246 pages, Janson and Eismann conclude with these words:

> But the Far Right is destined eventually to founder, as the Far Left has, on the rock of reason and public discourse. There are no indications that any totalitarian formula will attract any lasting support in this country; the stabilizing political center is far too strong to yield to nondemocratic influences. Ultraconservatism is a ripple to be reckoned with but is not a wave of the future. Self-government is here to stay. So are taxes. So is discourse. With or without the approval of the Far Right, true patriotism and American resourcefulness probably will continue to keep the Communist menace from making any effective headway in the United States.

Then why the book?

HISTORY vs. PHILOSOPHY

Words to Mirror the World

Fly and the Fly-Bottle: Encounters with British Intellectuals, *by Ved Mehta (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 269 pp. $4.95), attempts to find out what motivates the disciples of Wittgenstein. James K. Feibleman, who is chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Tulane University, wrote "Inside the Great Mirror," a study of the current school of English philosophy.*

By JAMES K. FEIBLEMAN

Ved Mehta — "an important conclusion."

VED MEHTA has written an excellent gossip-book about the "British intellectuals." According to his reportorial account they fall neatly into two special groups: the philosophers and the historians.

The current English philosophers have much to say about ordinary language, but not to those who use it. They learned this specialty from an Austrian named Wittgenstein, who taught regularly at Cambridge University and whose death was the occasion for the formation of a school by his most fanatical followers. A great many American philosophers have learned their profession from the members of this school, either by traveling to England or by studying the writings of Wittgenstein and his disciples at a distance.

It is therefore important to us to know something about them. If their interest in the marketplace ends with its language and they do not choose to descend to it themselves, then it becomes necessary to corner them in their ivory towers in order to find out what makes them tick. This is exactly what Mr. Mehta has done. He has been interested in the men as well as in their ideas, but in the course of his inquiries he has nevertheless turned up some facts that might have a bearing on the ideas.

Philosophers have always tried to discover the most important constituents of the world in order to organize knowledge. But the Oxford philosophers have substituted an examination of the way in which ordinary language has misled its users. In this fashion they seek to get rid of philosophy — which isn't, after all, that hard to do, so far as most people are concerned. Language, the Oxford philosophers tell us, has no reference outside of language, but it has always been assumed by most people unfamiliar with philosophy that this is especially true of the language of philosophy. They were fighting philosophical obscurity long before the philosophers knew there was a struggle in progress. Now they can have it confirmed by the philosophers themselves.

Wittgenstein dreamed of a logically perfect language that would mirror the world. The Oxford philosophers who follow him assert rather that we are locked in with our language. Wittgenstein thought that philosophy is an activity rather than a static set of beliefs, that the examination of language is a game that can be taught, and that by its means we can free ourselves of the false philosophy inherent in language and see things as they really are. The Oxford philosophers follow all of these ideas except the last. And so they have missed the point. Wittgenstein was looking in language for the secrets of the world; whereas the Oxford philosophers are looking in language for the secrets of language.

Mr. Mehta also talked with the historians, as he had with the philosophers, in order to discover through their personalities what the truth was about their continuing arguments. British philosophy is obscure and could be illuminated perhaps by interviewing

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those who wrote it; but why the author thought that interviewing British historians would aid in the understanding of their writings, which seem perfectly clear, is not equally obvious. Most of the productive time of recent English historians has been spent in proving that, since some of the facts were wrong in Toynbee's monumentally ambitious, twelve-volume "Study of History," his theory was worthless. Many of the facts *are* wrong, yet the theory remains at the very least immensely suggestive. But Toynbee himself has made it difficult for his earlier friends to defend the first six volumes, in which he had sought to analyze the structure of culture, by shifting the emphasis of the next four books to a defense of "universal" religions in a way that was less original and more like special pleading.

The other controversy that was raging recently was over A. J. P. Taylor's "The Origins of the Second World War," which to some of his critics was an unforgivable whitewashing of Hitler. The issue devolved upon the extent to which Hitler was not a madman but a rational politician whose program could be read as a logical consequence of German history to that time, an inevitable result of the Versailles Treaty and of events in Europe before World War II. The debate was conducted, as usual, in the newspapers and on television; and although it was, again as usual, never settled, Professor Taylor did not come out altogether vindicated.

If controversy is a sign of vitality, then British philosophy and history are still very much alive. It is too bad that the lively side of abstract thinkers seems to be best presented in their most heated public controversies. Mr. Mehta singles out the violent attacks and defenses in newspapers and on television, in magazines and books, as evidence of the state of affairs in English philosophy and history.

The Oxford philosophers have taught us to attend more carefully to our language, and the historians to ascertain the facts more accurately. But Mr. Mehta reaches an important conclusion about the relation between philosophy and history when he states that we need "a philosopher to find for us an acceptable synthesis" in terms of which history can be made meaningful. For "if philosophy should turn out to be incidental to history . . . there could be no one acceptable history, no one way of doing it."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 3, 9, 10, 7, 1, 2, 8, 5, 6.

Repairs on the Marxian Palace

Search for a Method, *by Jean-Paul Sartre, translated by Hazel E. Barnes (Knopf. 181 pp. $4.50), asserts that existentialism is the pulsating heart of Marxism, able to maintain its purity and guide its development. Alfred Bloch studied existential thought under Jean Wahl at the University of Paris.*

By ALFRED BLOCH

"THE PHILOSOPHER constructs a palace of ideas and lives in a hovel." Slightly more than a century after Kierkegaard made this remark in connection with his own rebellion against Hegelianism, Jean-Paul Sartre, in his book *Search for a Method,* subjects the palace, the design of which has been radically changed by Marx, to a critical examination. Sartre finds the Marxian design attractive and historically eminently functional, but he also accuses the builders of this palace of having been intellectually dishonest, of having committed historical vandalism, and of having changed a viable grand design into a sterile, mechanical application of a challenging concept.

Having established the fact that original Marxism has been defaced, Sartre—the philosopher personally engaged in history—resolved to rebuild the Marxian palace according to the original specifications. Simultaneously, he decided to add such modifications as individual existence requires that would make it impossible to continue the misuse of Marxism. This complex task is fully described by Sartre in his major work, *The Critique of Dialectical Reason,* to which *Search for a Method* is only an introduction. As an introduction, however, *Search for a Method* is sufficiently self-contained to be regarded as a complete work. It touches upon all of the major themes and problems that receive a fuller treatment in the two-volume *Critique.*

The attempt to enrich and purify Marxism assumes intellect-defying proportions when Sartre adds to it his unshakable conviction that existentialism is the pulsating heart of Marxism. Existentialism concerns itself with the relationship of the individual to this world. Consequently, Sartre postulates that Marxism can serve as a blueprint for historical action if it is reconciled with and takes into account the role and the function of the individual in the historical process.

The relationship between the individual and history, which Sartre identifies by the word "praxis" (all purposeful human activity), could be analyzed if at least one of the two—Marxism or existentialism—were a fully defined, closed philosophical system. But because both of them are vital and in themselves subject to continuous revolutionary or evolutionary change, or "motion," Sartre faces the nearly insurmountable obstacle of analyzing a kinetic interrelationship between the two philosophical-historical categories. Sartre is, in fact, dealing with three motions: the Marxian motion of collective segments of humanity from alienation to an overcoming of alienation, the existential motion of the individual from his awareness of being to his total consciousness of being in this world and being responsible for and to this world, and the motion from the individual to history.

In the Sartrian scheme, therefore, the existential motion fulfills two functions: it is at the heart of Marxism and yet is sufficiently apart from it to be able to maintain its purity and guide its development. Sartre's description of the problem involved in the creation of a system that would be cohesive enough to be a system and yet flexible enough not to restrict freedom is the greatest single contribution of *Search for a Method.* However, the system that is proposed by him, while representing a giant step on the road to a twentieth-century philosophy, still lacks the clarity and cohesiveness to be convincing. Nevertheless, this book has already had serious repercussions.

The assertion that existentialism is at the heart of Marxism and that Marxism can be enriched caused an explosion among Polish Marxists, for whose benefit Sartre originally wrote *Search for a Method* in the form of an essay. The uproar in Poland was so violent that Professor Adam Schaff, the country's leading defender of "orthodox" Marxism, wrote a long book, *Marxism and Existentialism* (Warsaw, 1961) refuting Sartre's contention that existentialism is at the heart of real Marxism and categorically denying

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that Marxism needs either amplification or enrichment. Schaff's ponderous arguments were effectively anticipated by L. Kolakowski—also a Pole and probably Europe's most brilliant young philosopher—whose incisive essay "The Permanent and Transitory Aspects of Marxism" set the stage on which the existential explosion occurred. The Schaff-Kolakowski dialogue rejuvenated a dispute the main arguments of which had been defined by George Lukacs. (Unfortunately, no publisher has as yet collected their essays into an English-language anthology, which would give the background information needed for a full understanding of the French existentialist's position.) This dispute is currently the most fascinating and potentially the most fertile event in contemporary philosophical thought and one whose feeble echoes are only beginning to reach this country.

Search for a Method also caused a fury among the non-Marxists. They have an aversion to seeing Marx receive the distinction of being called the architect of the "palace of humanity." In view of the crimes committed in the name of Marxism, their rage is understandable and justifiable. It is not relevant, however, to the Marxism that emerges from the writings of Sartre, for Sartre repeatedly emphasizes that, since existence is at the heart of Marxism, and since it is there by necessity and not by logic only, Marxism becomes the one secular philosophy of history that remains alive today. Sartre's emphasis is on existentialism, and his Marxism contains none of the barnacles, dead wood, and aberrations it has acquired during its hectic journey through history.

The reader must approach *Search for a Method* with sophistication and sympathy—not because Sartre either asks for it or needs it but because current history demands it. The unspoken purpose of this book is to find a way to exist and not just to co-exist.

Hazel Barnes has done an excellent job of translating and has made the book eminently readable. Her introduction accurately places this work within Sartre's over-all philosophical development. As an introduction, however, it is too pedantic and does not give the reader a sufficiently clear vantage point from which to view the challenging and frequently passionate canvas of intellectual history so intricately sketched by Sartre. The world need be neither red, nor white, nor dead. Sartre is the first to offer a philosophical solution that has been thought out under the immanent and transcendent shadow of "The Bomb," and for that reason alone his *Search for a Method* deserves recognition.

FICTION

The Momentum of Murder

The Olive Grove, *by Maria Kuncewicz (Walker. 240 pp. $4.95), draws upon a hideous murder in 1952 for its story of a French peasant who went berserk at the sight of English campers on his soil. Hope Hale has contributed reviews and stories to many magazines.*

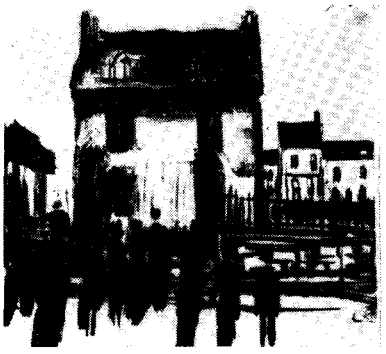
By HOPE HALE

IN THE autumn of 1953 a French peasant patriarch was tried for the murder of a titled English family that had camped overnight on his soil the previous year. Convicted, he was ultimately pardoned because the falsehoods told by the witnesses, in accordance with far older laws of that rocky, remote land, had kept the truth a family secret.

On the stand old Gaston Dominici said, "One would have to have black blood to commit such a crime." He referred to the killing of Elizabeth Drummond, aged ten, who had died after hours of agony, lying by the roadside with her skull crushed by the butt of an American Army rifle.

Little Pat Monroe is spared that final horror in *The Olive Grove,* a novel otherwise faithful to the facts of the case. This is understandable, since Maria Kuncewicz based the character of the girl on another English child she knew and loved, whose inner life seemed as vivid as the one recorded in Elizabeth Drummond's diary almost to the hour of her death. Shocked that such an imagination could be so brutally blotted out, Mme. Kuncewicz felt impelled to try by recreating the events to explain them.

She has built the plot of her novel around the rumors current during the trial that Sir Jack Drummond's camping



BLACK AND WHITE: Although usually identified with the *Fauve* ("wild beast") movement, with its violent splashes of color, Maurice de Vlaminck eventually developed the highly personal lyric style displayed in these three lithographs from *Vlaminck,* by Jean Selz (Crown, $3.50). Left and lower right: Illustrations for books by Radiguet and Duhamel; lower left: "Portrait of a Woman."

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trip had really been an investigation of certain crimes committed during the war under cover of the Resistance movement. Thus she has been able to link her English Monroes and her French Variolis in a history that gives believable reasons for the otherwise unmotivated murder. This network of past bitterness and betrayal, like Pat's family situation, sometimes seems too complex. It is only when these plot chores have been disposed of that the novel becomes as fascinating as its material.

A child's fantasies are hard for an adult writer to report without seeming fatuous. And the early chapters are not without this fault, but halfway through, as the story approaches its climax, Pat's intense relationship with the Varioli grandson is recounted with an unsentimental precision that rings tragically true.

Among the grownups there is the same psychological momentum. The scene in which old Varioli, half crazed and wholly drunk, wanders over his moonlit hillside and blunders into the trap set for him by fate comes close to explaining the inexplicable. It is almost possible to believe that by some dark chemistry a man's red blood could, in one night, blacken in his veins.

The Children Are All Out Playing

Our Mother's House, *by Julian Gloag (Simon & Schuster. 286 pp. $4.95), and* ***Tortoise by Candlelight,*** *by Nina Bawden (Harper & Row. 239 pp. $3.95), enter the strange private world of children, whose only weapon against adult tyranny is deception. Dorrie Pagones studied comparative literature in France under a Fulbright grant.*

By DORRIE PAGONES

THESE two new novels demand comparison with Richard Hughes's classic, *A High Wind in Jamaica.* Both illustrate anew two of Hughes's theories, unforgettably expressed in his tragicomedy about children and pirates: "A child can hide the most appalling secret without the least effort, and is practically secure against detection"; and "Agreed that their [children's] minds are not just more ignorant and stupider than ours, but differ in kind of thinking (are *mad,* in fact) . . . ."

The plot of Julian Gloag's *Our Mother's House* may sound, baldly summarized, like a burlesque of *The Bastable Children*: Mother dies; her seven children, who dread the unknown horrors of the orphanage if the death becomes known, bury her secretly in the garden, build a tabernacle over her grave, and invent a private mother cult. They forge her signature on checks and pretend to the world that she is ill. Ultimately Father, whom they have never seen, turns up and learns all. He too eventually becomes a menace to the children, and they deal with him accordingly.

Gloag's novel is in fact an exciting, believable, often harrowing story of children on their own, pitted against an adult world whose authority is as inscrutable as it is inescapable. The only weapon of the young against adult tyranny is deception, an expedient at which Mother's seven children become uncannily adept.

In their earnest yet doomed efforts to organize a society of their own, free from their elders' orders and blunders, the children bring to mind the boys in William Golding's *Lord of the Flies.* The Gloag book, however, lacks the sustained vision and dramatic power of the Golding masterpiece, for it shifts focus midway and thereafter almost imperceptibly slows its pace.

As an imaginative suspense story, however, it is remarkably good, even if the points it makes seem today neither original nor particularly shocking.

The novel ends on precisely the same ironic note as *A High Wind in Jamaica,* written more than thirty years ago. Near the close of *Our Mother's House* someone says:

"'Just what sort of children are they?'

"'They're quite ordinary children, Mr. Bolton,' said Miss Deke suddenly."

Nina Bawden's *Tortoise by Candlelight* also brings to mind both Hughes and Golding, particularly in the character of eight-year-old Oliver, who has the face of an angel and whose preferred occupations are playing with his tortoise, Murgatroyd, and hearing read to him *The Murders in the Rue Morgue.* He is a blatant charmer and a habitual thief.

Oliver's two elder sisters, Alice and Emmie, belong to another, more familiar species: that of young girls

> Standing with reluctant feet,
> Where the brook and river meet . . .

The principal difference between the two is that Alice is a little older and quite a lot less reluctant. Emmie, at fourteen, is a more complicated being than her sister; she has only just ceased being a child and is still able to divide her love about equally between a middle-aged new neighbor and a pet squirrel.

Here, too, a strange death occurs and is kept secret by the children, the only ones to know of it. Once again, their fatuous elders content themselves with a simple explanation, and this time the ironic note at the end is sounded by Emmie's adored neighbor, who tells her father, "There's usually some obvious answer if you look for it." There is, indeed; but as usual the adults arrive at the wrong one.

For No. 1: Only the most cloudy-headed movie fan will be startled to learn in *For Immediate Release* (Doubleday, $3.95) that the production of a motion picture can be an ugly affair and that the people involved can be more cutthroat than creative. Such is the case on the set of "Veronica," a hit Broadway play being turned into a movie in London. The reader's guide through the dirty work is Michael Roche, publicity man on the picture. At the center of the storm is Abner Golt, producer of the film, who would like to have the female lead replaced by a rising unknown whose contract he just happens to own. In a world as wobbly as a strip of celluloid, people are easily maneuvered by a man of power and determination, and Abner Golt is such a man. He knows that old scandals can still make headlines, that a man whose last picture was a flop is a vulnerable man, that an ambitious man is more easily controlled than a contented man. As Hollis Alpert's novel unreels, we watch a group of people supposedly dedicated to the common cause of making the best picture possible doing anything but that as each works strictly for No. 1 and to hell with the next guy. Mike Roche learns that "in this business always forgive your enemies" is the cardinal rule for survival. No matter what you do to another or what is done to you, forgive—even if you don't forget—because you may need that enemy on your side the next time around.

Though he is offering a story that is neither startling nor unexpected, credit Mr. Alpert with the talent to make it diverting. His people live during the telling even if they do not stick in the mind afterward. *For Immediate Release* won't change your life one whit but it can add to the pleasure of a lazy summer's day.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

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Clocking the Timetable of Man

The Origin of Races, *by Carleton S. Coon (Knopf. 724 pp. $10), argues that different races have traveled different paths to reach their present membership in one species. The noted anthropologist and writer Margaret Mead is associate curator of ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.*

By MARGARET MEAD

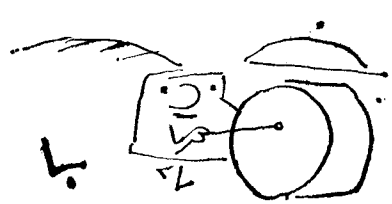
THIS is an enormous, erudite, provocative, stimulating, zestful book, based on a tremendous amount of scholarly work, replete with controversial assumptions. Carleton S. Coon has long been interested in the relationship between man's physique and specific physical and social environments. The present book is an attempt to follow contemporary races of mankind — Coon believes it is useful to divide them into five major groups, all of whom are members of one species, *Homo sapiens,* modern man — back through the fossil record to presently known first appearances in different parts of the world.

This fossil record, which is set forth in voluminous detail, is admittedly scanty: "two crania almost complete"; "one upper left incisor"; "one adult female skeleton and teeth of four individuals." At present, slightly more than 300 bone-bearing sites constitute our knowledge of the remote past of a species that now numbers nearly three billion members. Coon's descriptions document the paucity and inconclusiveness of these finds, but his enthusiasm, ingenuity, and imagination in placing the smallest detail in the widest and most significant setting continually suggest that most, if not all, is now known.

His relentless scientific recitals would be dull reading for anyone except a specialist if they were not continually enlivened by photographs, drawings, and evocations of Broken Hill Man, Wadjak Man, or the Round-headed People of Krapina, who seem literally to materialize from the fragments of their former selves to give us information about the past. The book is actually a mosaic of lucid simplifications of scientific issues, tables of every relevant bone, lyric passages, and painstaking description of sites and fossils that give no quarter to the reader without a scientific vocabulary. Coon's central thesis is that the common ancestry of modern man must be placed much earlier than has been believed, and that the precursors of modern man followed different routes, in geographical isolation, arriving — in each of the five groups he distinguishes — at the status of *Homo sapiens* within the last half-million years. This would place all members of living races in the same *grade* of evolution, but *Homo sapiens* would be classified as a polytypic species, in which the same grade was attained independently by different hominid groups, all members of the species *Homo erectus,* "perhaps already divided into five geographic races or subspecies."

Coon uses the currently well-accepted parallel development of Old and New World monkeys from different groups of prosimians as a model for his hypothesized development of *Homo sapiens.* He allows for the possibility that the membership of all living races *may* be due to gene flow from a single group who crossed the threshold from *Homo erectus* (a tool-using hominid found in fossil forms in many parts of the world) to *Homo sapiens.* However, as he interprets the evidence, which is extensive for Mongoloid and Caucasoid, confused for Australoid and Capoid, and meager for Congoid (the Negroes and Pygmies of Africa), he believes that it points to independent and roughly parallel development of the different races, in different physical and social environments, though millennia, during which the hominids became highly differentiated in gross and in minute detail of bone, muscle, and blood type, before each in turn crossed the threshold and became modern man with modern man's culture-building capacities to innovate, transmit, and adapt a steadily cumulating human tradition.

If this were all, Coon's book would be taking its place on the shelves of alternately delighted and exasperated biologists, anthropologists, and laymen, while we waited for the promised second volume. But, unfortunately, the book has appeared at a moment when the arguments over desegregation in the United States and the political capabilities of the newly emerging African peoples are at fever pitch. A prefiguration of this book appeared in the preface to the second edition of Coon's earlier book, *The Story of Man* (published in May 1962), and this was publicized out of context by vigorous anti-desegregationists before *The Origin of Races* was published in October 1962. His statements about different time tables for the emergence of *Homo sapiens* on different continents and about the lack of evidence for fire in Africa earlier than 40,000 years ago, while evidence exists for its use in China 360,000 years ago and in Europe 250,000 years ago, have been transmuted into dicta that sound meaningful and horrendous to the scientifically ignorant; namely, that the Negro race is "200,000 years behind the White race" (an interpretation that would, of course, give the Mongoloids a lead of 100,000 years on the Caucasoids).



THIS repeated appeal to Coon, in a propagandistic literature that attacks both the integrity of anthropologists and the capabilities of all members of the human race, arouses those who feel deeply about the cause of racial equality. As a result, the reviews and discussions of *The Origins of Race* have been compromised, not only by the legitimate doubts of biologists about the sufficiency of Coon's data and the adequacy of his theory, but also by the fact that his book has been made the symbolic target for direct and indirect repudiations of the segregationist argument itself.

Coon's book as it stands has no relevance to the question of whether a member of any one living race is more or less capable than a member of any other living race of learning, maintaining, and transmitting human culture. The heated, intemperate controversy has highlighted the ubiquitous American tendency to regard as invidious all statements of difference between individuals or groups. Coon merely argues that there are differences in the paths by which different races reached their present membership in one species, a species that has the unique distinction of holding its own future in its own hands—as well as the future of the other living beings with whose ancestors our ancestors once disputed the chance to survive.

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Aqua-Lung Days in a Watery Night

—*From the book.*

Diver Luis Marden shown receiving a lead-ballasted bag of flash bulbs to photograph eruption of a sand cone.

The Living Sea, *by Jacques-Yves Cousteau with James Dugan (Harper & Row. 325 pp. $6.50), chronicles further adventures in a silent world where "everything is moral." Edwin Diamond is working on a book about the social and political aspects of space exploration.*

By EDWIN DIAMOND

MAN NEED not travel into space in search of new adventures and knowledge, for a forbidding and uncharted realm exists all around him, 100 feet below the surface of the earth's seas. There, in a perpetual night unlit by the sun's rays, is a world of strange predators, sudden hazards, and fundamental mysteries. Thanks in large part to the French explorer-inventor Jacques-Yves Cousteau, this realm is no longer beyond man's reach; Cousteau's wartime invention, the Aqua-Lung diving apparatus, liberated divers from their dependence on air lines and helped start the postwar diving boom.

The Living Sea is Cousteau's account, written with the help of his American colleague James Dugan, of his expeditions since the pioneering Aqua-Lung days. It is a splendid combination of technical narrative and adventure, with the emphasis, understandably enough, leaning toward the latter. For Captain Cousteau makes no claim to be a traditional oceanographer, traversing the ocean along undeviating latitudinal lines, dragging Nansen bottles over the side, endlessly making the unglamorous but needed measurements of temperature, salinity, and oxygen content from the bottom up. Rather, his eye tends to be on the dramatic, on the photogenic, on the stuff that makes "good copy." He once called himself an "oceanographic technician"; it is an appropriate term for a man whose organizational skills provide the launching pad for the scientists.

In *The Living Sea* we can observe the technician at work—watching for sharks, like an infantryman on combat patrol, while a *savant* collects animal specimens under a Red Sea reef; digging up, for nondiving archeologists, the amphorae from a Greek freighter sunk in the third century B.C.; dispatching a Deepsea Sled, with the photoflash equipment of MIT's Harold Edgerton aboard, to record the haunting landscapes of the mid-Atlantic ridge, almost two miles below the ocean's surface.

There is nothing shallow about his technical work or his acute powers of observation. "I had been out of the water most of that summer," he begins a description of a dive to locate the sunken Greek ship, "and was not in condition."

> I drove into the 50-foot zone, where the unfit diver strikes the sharpest Eustachian crisis, and was surprised at how good my ears felt. The depths were exceptionally clear. As I stroked down the wall, I regained the exhilaration of our first submarine manflights, as if the experience were brand new. I passed from wave-shattered sunlight into an ambient refulgence, the place without shadows. I swam over an escarpment of morose yellow algae to a drop-off into deeper blue and saw below in diffused gray light a gradient of vague boulders covered with gorgonians. I went into the boulder country.
>
> My compressed air tasted mechanical, and my thoughts began to blur. I raised the wrist depth gauge to my mask: 170 feet. The lay-off was telling on me. I had to force my thoughts into orderly sequences: *My right hand means south.* I looked in that direction, and there were no amphorae in the 100-foot range of visibility. *I have only ten minutes of grace left at this depth. My left hand means north. . . . My friends in the launch, whatever the state of the sea, will stick to my bubble track. Remember, no effort, no haste, no exertion.* I rationed my foot strokes and rhymed them with deep exhalations, turning my head from side to side like a radar scope. . . . Suddenly I saw a long dark object. *It is deeper. Should you go down?* . . . I emptied my lungs and, without kicking, drifted deeper. . . . [I] uncovered an ordinary chunk of limestone. My depth gauge read 240 feet. *Stupid! Up you go, quick!* I timed a big scissors kick with a bumper intake of air and soared back to 170 feet, escorted by a squadron of large silvery *liches* (leer fish).

This account surpasses anything reported by the astronauts, Soviet or American. But perhaps the comparison is unfair; Cousteau is fifty-three and underseas exploration is now middle-aged. Manned space flight is still in the primitive Aqua-Lung stage, while Cousteau has already moved on to more ambitious projects, such as the *Denise,* a saucer-shaped, jet-propelled, two-man submarine that can operate at depths of 1,000 feet, and Conshelf One, an undersea billet that supported two Cousteau divers during a week-long stay on the Mediterranean bottom. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration aims to set men on the moon; Cousteau envisions *homo aquaticus,* a new breed who would live in the depths of the sea.

Yet, the dreamer is a man anchored

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in everyday experience. Before his oceanographic ship *Calypso* slips away from dockside at Marseilles on her maiden cruise, he touches the new varnish and white paint with love. When the first gale blows in, he waits resignedly to see if she will recover when she broaches to—the final test. On a dive to recover a lost anchor and chain, he ties a knot and it fails to remain fast. If he feels kinship with the Greek sailors of two centuries ago, so too can the Long Island day sailor relate to Cousteau.

Perhaps space will never fully supplant the sea in man's dreams. Life on earth began in the all-encircling seas, and the blood that courses through our veins still resembles seawater. When Cousteau's favorite diver, Albert Falco, emerged from his week at Conshelf One, he felt profoundly moved by the experience: "Under the sea," he muses, pausing to be sure of what he wants to say, "everything is moral."

A Hammock in Yucatan: The mystique of Maya civilization defies analysis. Although hundreds of archaeological sites have been mapped, as many imponderables puzzle Mayaologists. Just when a conclusive statement seems secure, a new find raises new questions. The existing body of knowledge is enormous, fragment-strewn, shape-shifting; it requires cautious interpretation. To date, three modern scholars have sketchily compiled the most comprehensive writing we have on the Maya since Bishop Diegodi Landa: Sylvanus Morley, Herbert Spinden (on art), and J. Eric S. Thompson. The young blood of the three, Thompson has best survived out-dating, which has partly befallen his more systematic-minded old guard colleagues.

His *Maya Archaeologist* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5) could well be subtitled *Memoirs of Yucatán and British Honduras.* In 1925, due to his self-taught grasp of Maya hieroglyphics, Thompson won acceptance by Morley to join a Carnegie expedition in Yucatán. The young Britisher was soon hardened to the rigors of hammock sleeping, short water supply, pestiferous insects, snakes, dysentery, and malaria. In later years Thompson rode muleback to sites in the forested interior, sometimes accompanied only by laborers. A Maya laborer once became lost in the woods; he was emaciated when found.

The book moves forward a little uncertain of its purpose, whether to charm with small tales of comic backwardness on the Yucatán Peninsula or to get down to the essence of the Maya

(*Continued on page* 51)

FRANCE

Plaster of Paris Patriots

Action Française: Royalism and Reaction in Twentieth Century France, *by Eugen Weber (Stanford. 594 pp. $10), delineates a political movement dedicated to the restoration of the French monarchy. "Condorcet" and "Liberalism and the Challenge of Fascism" are among J. Salwyn Schapiro's many books on modern European history.*

By J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

AT THE end of the nineteenth century a movement known as the Action Française appeared in France. It proclaimed a body of doctrine that was an amalgam of everything reactionary: royalism, clericalism, militarism, and anti-Semitism. Despite the fact that its membership was never large it attracted nation-wide attention and exercised considerable influence for a half-century. In France ideas, no matter what they are, can be sure of a hearing, provided they are clear in thought, logical in organization, and attractive in style. The Action Française qualified on all counts.

In this masterpiece of historical scholarship, based almost entirely on original sources, the author, Professor Eugen Weber of the University of California, tells the story of the movement fully and fairly. Its ideas are analyzed accurately and comprehensively. Its personalities are portrayed faithfully. And its driving forces are revealed with a sure hand. Furthermore, the author has a keen understanding of what is so characteristically French – intellectual candor combined with subtle sophistication—and thus brings documentary sources to life.

The *leitmotif,* sounded in all the activities of the Action, was that of "integral nationalism" (*le nationalisme intégral*). It comprehended the complete identification of France politically with absolute monarchy, socially with hierarchical aristocracy, and religiously with the Catholic Church. Hence it was bitterly opposed to democratic government, to egalitarian society, and to liberty of conscience. Integral nationalism, asserted the Action, had been achieved in France by her kings, under whose rule the country had grown great and strong. It was destroyed by the French Revolution. As a result France was weakened, her people divided, and her government unstable. Only by restoring the Old Régime, asserted the Action, would France become her true and great self once more. The democratic Third Republic must, therefore, be destroyed by any and all means, "including legal ones."

The most effective arm of the movement was its journal of the same name, *Action française,* which was first a weekly, then a daily. The periodical was brilliantly edited by Charles Maurras, the movement's recognized mentor. He was primarily a literary man, who, according to Professor Weber, "had come to politics by way of esthetics." He was a vigorous exponent of classicism, which, he claimed, was inherently French—hence the literary expression of integral nationalism. A fine scholar, a gifted writer, a keen conversationalist, Maurras succeeded in making the *Action française* an influential organ.

Closely associated with Maurras was Léon Daudet, son of the famous novelist Alphonse Daudet. His writings in the *Action française,* bland and scurrilous, amused some but infuriated those maligned. If Daudet failed to find a skeleton in an opponent's closet he was not above supplying one.

The movement and its journal soon

—*Culver.*

Dreyfus on trial.

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attracted the angry young intellectuals of the period. Some of them later became famous, notably the literary critic Jules Lemaître, the historian Jacques Bainville, and the novelist Georges Bernanos. Before long, because of its literary flair and sensational articles, *Action française* became a feature of Parisian life. It was estimated that the journal had six times as many readers as purchasers; it was avidly followed by young men in a hurry to destroy the Republic for whatever reason. Described as "the most bizarre mixture of intelligence and vulgarity, science and stupidity," it completely disregarded the ethics of controversy in its violent invective and slanderous attacks.

IDEAS, "endlessly repeated," observes Professor Weber, "furnished justification for the vilest acts." To carry out the "tumult policy" of the Action, adherents were encouraged to break up rival meetings, to beat up opponents, to interrupt lectures at the university, to organize demonstrations, to plaster Paris with posters, and to slap cabinet ministers. To popularize reaction by dramatic appeals to patriotism the Action concentrated its attacks on "the enemy" without: Germany; and on "the enemy" within: Jews, Protestants, and Freemasons, lumped as one.

Surprising and puzzling was the attitude of the Action toward the Catholic Church, as revealed by the writings of Maurras. The prime importance of the Church, he boldly asserted, was political and social, not religious. By combining authority, hierarchy, and discipline the Church constituted "a principle of social order and a necessary ingredient of French unity." Hence it was to be maintained as a vital part of integral nationalism.

Maurras had only contempt for the mission of the Church to save souls. A blatant freethinker and a virulent anti-Semite, this "Catholic agnostic," as he called himself, ridiculed the Gospel of the "Jewish Christ," with its "dreams of justice, of happiness, and of equality." In his view, Christianity, because of its Jewish origin, was both evil and ridiculous. Maurras represented an anomalous attitude toward religion, not uncommon in France: he was a clerical without being a Catholic.

The anti-Semitism of the Action was strikingly evident during the Dreyfus Affair. In its opposition to the demand for a revision of the case, the Action asserted that Dreyfus, being a Jew, had been rightly condemned; his guilt or innocence was irrelevant. To question the judgment of the military tribunal was to question the honor of the army, something no patriotic Frenchman would do. *France d'abord!*

Professor Weber devotes considerable space to the fortunes of the Action during the interwar period. As a result of its patriotic support of the government during the First World War the Action won many recruits. Before long, however, it suffered serious setbacks. The Catholic Church now wished to be saved from friends whose royalism impugned its loyalty to the Republic and whose paganism cast discredit on its mission. In 1926 Pope Pius XI condemned the movement, and forbade Catholics to be its supporters. Later the *Action française* was placed on the Index, along with the books of Maurras.

An even more serious setback was the appearance of a powerful rival on the radical Right, the fascist Croix de Feu. The new generation of angry young men derided Maurras & Co. as too intellectual and too old. The "dynamic, alert, resolute" enemies of the Republic now flocked to the Croix de Feu, which promised "virile actions" instead of virile words.

With the defeat of France in 1940 and the establishment of the Vichy régime the Action experienced a "divine surprise." Its ideas and policies were accepted and applied by the "hierarchic and authoritarian" government of Marshal Pétain. Paradoxically, the ultra-nationalist Action opposed the liberation of France, claiming that it would result in "the emergence of Masons, Jews, and all the political personnel eliminated in 1940." To be saved by the Germans was bitter but tolerable.

When France was liberated by the Allies, the Action, along with Vichy, went out of existence. Its famous journal ceased publication. The Action's demise caused hardly a ripple on the surface of French politics.

The Action Française was the last gasp of organized royalism in France. As a political movement it was significant but not important. Never had it been a force to be reckoned with. It was regarded as more of a nuisance than a threat to the Republic. Its significance lay chiefly in that it voiced the ideas of a dying cause in a manner to arouse national attention. As Professor Weber acutely observes, the Action was "a traditional movement preaching violent change, a minority movement in a mass age, an intellectual movement tackling a demagogic task." Only in France. . . .

From Napoleon's Fall to De Gaulle

***The French Army,** by Paul-Marie de la Gorce, translated by Kenneth Douglas (Braziller. 568 pp. $10), and **Sixty Days That Shook the West: The Fall of France, 1940,** by Jacques Benoist-Méchin, translated by Peter Wiles (Putnam. 559 pp. $7.95), offer clashing views on recent French history. Alexander Werth's numerous books on that country include "France 1940-1955" and "The De Gaulle Revolution."*

By ALEXANDER WERTH

IN NO other major country of the world—the United States, Britain, Russia, or even Germany—has the army been such a chronic social and psychological problem as in France. The "problem" goes a long way back — perhaps to those Napoleonic Wars, a performance the French army was never able to repeat but which, nevertheless, left it with a kind of superiority complex that even the lamentable defeat of 1870-71 was unable to destroy.

Paradoxically, the French army was never more popular with the nationalist French bourgeoisie than after 1870-71; a large part of this class saw in it both the main "force of order" that had crushed the Paris Commune and the weapon of *revanche* that would, some day, recover the lost provinces of Alsace-Lorraine. This nationalist sentiment reached its peak in the Boulangist movement, when the bourgeoisie (and even some of the proletariat) went mad over "the man on horseback."

After that came the Dreyfus Affair, marked by a clash between the genuinely democratic forces of the Third Republic and the army hierarchy, supported by the right-wing parties, and when the former finally won the hard, ten-year-long battle, the army may be said at last to have fully submitted to the Republic, though many leading soldiers continued to have a marked distaste for the *laïque* and anticlerical Republic and found an outlet for their nationalist ambitions in the conquest and administration of Madagascar, Morocco, and other recently acquired colonial territories.

As Paul-Marie de la Gorce clearly shows in his admirable and brilliant study of the French army from the 1890s to the present time, the French officer corps was not openly "antirepub-

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lican," but the top echelons were largely unsympathetic to the Republic; and it was not till the 1914-18 war that something in the nature of a complete reconciliation set in between "country" and "army" in the face of the deadly danger threatening France. Not even then were relations altogether smooth between the army and the Republic; in a towering fit of temper Lyautey resigned the post of Minister of War, shouting obscene abuse at the Chamber of Deputies, while Clemenceau made his famous remark about war being "too serious a business to be entrusted to the generals." And, soon after the war was over, there was the clash over the Rhineland problem between Clemenceau and Foch, who accused the "Tiger" of betraying France's most vital interests under pressure from Woodrow Wilson and Lloyd George.

For France, which had lost 1,500,000 men, Pyrrhic indeed was the victory of 1918 (won, moreover, only with the help of her numerous allies) and the country went in the main, and very understandably, profoundly pacifist. Although in the 1920s France built up an anti-German system of alliances with Poland, Czechoslovakia, and other East European countries, her main obsession was the fear of another German invasion; hence the vast sums that were spent on building the Maginot Line, which gave France a false sense of security for years.

So deep was France's pacifism that she did not react sharply even when, in March 1936, Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland, thus striking a deadly blow at France's whole system of alliances; for once the Rhineland was fortified by Germany there was very little France could do to help her Eastern Allies. Thus came the *Anschluss*, Munich, and the annihilation of Poland. M. de la Gorce deals in considerable detail with the conservative "continuous front" doctrine of the top French army leaders, particularly Pétain and Weygand, and with the conceptions of modern warfare of men like the (then) Colonel Charles de Gaulle, and with the reasons why de Gaulle remained almost a solitary voice crying in the wilderness. All this is familiar enough; more remarkable is M. de la Gorce's examination of how in the 1930s the army leadership — and particularly the middle-rank officers—went thoroughly "political" for the first time. Among France's captains and majors and colonels, scared of Communism and the Popular Front, Fascist tendencies became so strong that, when it came to a showdown with Germany in 1940, their hearts were not in it. M. de la Gorce argues that although many soldiers, overwhelmed by the modern German weapons, "let themselves be taken prisoner with deplorable ease," it is also true that "many demobilized soldiers kept their memories of officers taking flight in automobiles, leaving the men they commanded to be captured."

—*Culver.*

France and her new toy.

The French officer corps sided almost unanimously with Pétain, so that we have the paradoxical spectacle (a little like 1871) of an orgy of nationalist flag-waving while the wretched Armistice Army of 100,000 men posed as the backbone of the "National Revolution" of Vichy. When, in 1942, the Germans occupied "Vichy France," the Armistice Army (with rare exceptions) meekly surrendered.

It was only thanks to de Gaulle—and Britain and the USA — that the French army was able at last to rehabilitate itself in its own eyes. Even so, 1940-42 had left it with a terrible inferiority complex, and this was not counteracted by the 1945 victory, in which France had played only a minor part.

It needed further rehabilitation. First there was Indo-China, which ended in the disaster of Dien Bien Phu; then Tunisia and Morocco were also lost, and Algeria remained the last hope. Army leaders took an active part in overthrowing the Fourth Republic, and threatened to overthrow de Gaulle's Fifth Republic when they saw that the general was preparing to abandon Algeria.

Today, for the first time since 1830, the whole French army is concentrated in Europe, and it is now, thanks to de Gaulle, undergoing a badly needed process of psychological re-education and readaptation. M. de la Gorce's glimpse into the future is as fascinating as the rest of his book. One only regrets that the translation is a little clumsy at times.

I do not share some critics' enthusiasm for Jacques Benoist-Méchin's book on the fall of France in 1940. Perhaps I am a little prejudiced against the author.

As a top-ranking collaborator with the Nazis, he was, not surprisingly, sentenced to death for treason in 1947 (a fact which, by the way, the publishers are careful not to mention). As a member of Doriot's Nazi Party, and as the most pro-Nazi of all Pétain's ministers, Benoist-Méchin was keener than most of the Vichy leaders to join in Hitler's war against England.

Those postwar trials were something of a lottery. Far less guilty men, such as Georges Suarez, the brilliant biographer of Briand, were shot; Benoist-Méchin was reprieved, and is now able to pose as a respectable academic gentleman. Coming from him, I find the subtle little cracks at Reynaud and de Gaulle and Churchill in the course of his (mostly familiar) story distasteful.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1037

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1038 will be found in the next issue.

FGHKLMBPO QCPHNG AF

SFOMNF LOG QMFXO, OPM

KPNG LOG NLD.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1036

The greatest mistake is the trying to be more agreeable than you can be.
—BAGEHOT.

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What Is a Children's Classic?

By ALICE DALGLIESH

THIS month there came in for review a square, pink-covered book which gave me a good deal of pleasure and which I recommend to parents, teachers, and student librarians. Through its pages one can get a good, brief introduction to the growth within recent years of publishing for children—and to some of the best books that have been written in this field. It is *Fifty Years of Children's Books: 1910-1960,* by Dora V. Smith, published by the National Council of Teachers of English, 508 South St., Champaign, Ill. ($2.95 list price).

The paper cover keeps down the price for individual ownership, but, because it is even more perishable than that of the average paperback, copies will soon be available bound in cloth. Libraries will probably prefer to wait for the more durable binding.

There are certain points that stand out immediately in Dr. Smith's book. She is a teacher (professor emeritus, University of Minnesota), and she not only knows children's books but has consistently good taste. She says quite frankly that the book lists represent her own selection. There are some excellent ones in the back of *Fifty Years,* though most of them are for children with a natural curiosity about reading. And while the author obviously has great respect for the American Library Association, I am glad that if she thinks a Newbery or Caldecott Medal book is not up to standard she leaves it out.

A most pleasant feature is the way in which Dr. Smith brings together all the people and organizations who have worked with children's books, especially teachers and librarians. She also mentions — and puts into perspective — many of the various "trends" in publishing. In fact, if there is any criticism of her book, it is that it is too gentle in its treatment of the commercialization and standardization that have taken place during the last few years. Note, however, that the "fifty years" end in 1960; much happened from 1960-63.

It is refreshing to have a testament of faith with regard to the best of the fifty-year output, for there are those, both in the publishing business and out, who would try to destroy children's books in a few sensational and even savage magazine articles. These writers huff and puff indiscriminately at the books, but, like the wolf in the story, they cannot blow the house of bricks down. One feels they have not really read the books of this century.

Recently a Den Mother for the Cub Scouts wrote asking for a list of classics that boys eight to eleven should read. Her librarian did not have such a list. I investigated the *Cub Scout Manual,* which merely says something to this effect: "Go to your library and get to know your librarian. She will help you to find interesting books." At this point the man who was reading the manual to me over the telephone stopped and chuckled. "This will give you a laugh," he said. "It goes on, 'You may even find a book about lion hunting.'" As books about lion hunting are, so far as I know, nonexistent for eight-year-old reading, I'm glad to hear from other sources that the manual is being revised. There is evidently a real need for exciting stories that eight-year-olds can read. Some of them are among the picture books labeled "E for Easy," but probably no proud young Cub Scout would look *there.*

And this is the place to say what I truly believe: that there are no "classics" that every child should read, only a number of good books that one child or another may find enjoyable or rewarding, and that will keep him reading. It is all very well to say, as Clifton Fadiman does on every copy of the new Macmillan Classics, "Let him travel farther in the realms of gold, than in the realms of lead." What are these realms of gold? There have been so many lists of classics, so many "sets" of classics, so many book lists made, so much nostalgia among grandparents, that books are preserved like flies in amber. Nearly all "classics" in sets are of the nineteenth century.

If a young person does not want to tackle the 850 pages of *David Copperfield* does he have to? If he does not feel drawn to *Quentin Durward* or *Ivanhoe,* does he have to read them? My reading as a child was my own choice from the books available on my own or the family's bookshelves. Scott was a tradition in the family, so in all honor I tried his long line of green and gold books (at ten years) but read only three—and not one of them was *Ivanhoe.* I found Scott verbose, but read Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring* and Shakespeare's plays with delight. I also read and wept over a number of comparatively undistinguished books. No one tried to keep me — a turn-of-the-century child — in a nineteenth-century reading ghetto.

The number of men who still think that boys are out of luck if they aren't reading *The Rover Boys* or *Tom Swift* is amusing. Not that the books will harm the boys, but why waste the time? Dora Smith's notes put these books firmly in their place. Many nostalgic readers do not realize that the Stratemeyer syndicate, founded by Edward Stratemeyer, was responsible for the Rover Boys, the Motor Boys, the Tom Swift series, and the Bobbsey Twins — all of which are still being published. If you would like to have a picture of their frivolous role today, read "I've Come Back, Cried Tom Swiftly," by Scott Leavitt, in *Life* magazine for May 31, 1963.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A line was inadvertently dropped by my typist from the review of a book last month. The heading should read*: Exploring the World of Social Insects. By Hilda Simon. Preface by Alexander B. Klots, Research Assistant, American Museum of Natural History. *Apologies to Dr. Klots, who was left out, and to the Vanguard Press.*

BRIAN WILDSMITH'S ABC. *By Franklin Watts.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. The artist's name so firmly attached to this book makes it his own, individual production—and it is that. This was a Kate Greenaway medal book in England. Could our Caldecott medal book be an ABC? A fascinating point to consider.

Here we have an ABC that is most unusual in its use of color. Six colors, printed in Austria; color used in backgrounds, pictures, and in the words and letters. The words are given both in upper- and lower-case letters—essential. (We had a picture book this year that seemed to be an ABC but had no letters of the alphabet, except as a glossary!) For young children the English ABC book could have a few of its objects more clearly recognizable to those inexperienced in "reading pictures"—"butterfly" for instance. Ages 4-6.

THE SINGING STONES. *By Aviva Layton. Pictures by Gertrude Lueck. Abelard-Schuman.* 32 *pp.* $2.75. "A long time ago in a village that has since disappeared

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from the earth there lived a boy called David." David is a modern boy and wears a T shirt. He finds five "wailing stones" lying on the ground and changes them to "singing stones" by fastening the stones at five intervals on a modern post and rail fence, thus "discovering music."

While we welcome fairy tales in an age of science, there seems no place for "discovery" tales that are not true and are confusing. The incidents leading up to a discovery or invention, actual or supposed, are far more exciting than an individual author's myth. There *were* Chinese singing stones hung on a frame, but the confusion of events and of time in the story as given here are absurd. We have enough trouble keeping "time" in place these days without a brew of T shirts, kings, jesters, and belief in "evil spirits." Ages 5-8.

MY MOTHER IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD. A Russian Folktale. *Retold by Becky Reyher. Pictures by Ruth Gannett. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 40 *pp.* $2.50. While this picture book was published in 1945, it seems right to mention it now for two reasons. First of all, it is universal. Secondly, a member of a library board of trustees—not far from New York—recently threatened to burn it. (The book won out.) The story is of a little girl who is lost in the Ukrainian harvest fields and can only tell those who would help her, "My mother is the most beautiful woman in the world." When the mother is found she turns out (pictorially) to be very plain indeed—so is her little girl. The book's theme is "We do not love people because they are beautiful, but they seem beautiful to us because we love them." Ages 5-8.

JANE'S BLANKET. *By Arthur Miller. Illustrated by Al Parker. Crowell-Collier.* 40 *pp.* $2.95. Although the Modern Masters Series was mentioned here, none of the books have been reviewed because they seemed in general to be quite trivial and not worthy of their authors. "Literature" cannot be made, as the publishers state, within the confines of a pre-selected vocabulary, although some books much more pleasant than these have been written in that way. I have been waiting to see whether Arthur Miller's book would lift the level of the series. Surely the author of *Death of a Salesman* would do something better than average? He didn't. His is a sympathetic story of a child's attachment to her baby blanket, and its solution is one that doesn't happen often, but there have been other books on this theme. Isn't it one of those perennial but special, small "life problems" that are better handled as they arise in real life? Ages 3-6.

STORY IN THE SAND. *By Donald Murus and Albert Squillace. Illustrated with photographs. Macmillan.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. This interesting book presents two children at the shore. Jeff (the supposed narrator) knows that "pictures do not have to look like real things all the time." As he experiments with drawing on the sand for Jenny, he produces realistic pictures, collage, abstract design. Jenny, the realist, always asks, "What's that?," but in the end is (more or less) educated by Jeff. The supposed young artist likes Jenny until she says of one of his designs, "That's a funny thing." His "I don't like her any more" is most true to life—and is not final for Jenny, who immediately begins to admire his next production. An amusing little dialogue takes place.

Young children often are abstractionists without knowing it, and it is nothing new for them to draw on wet sand—though I've watched parents neglect this natural medium and take crayons and paper to the beach.

Albert Squillace, the photographer, who also does the drawing, designed "The Private World of Pablo Picasso." Ages 5-8.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL. *Adapted and illustrated by Janice Holland from the translation by Arthur W. Hummel from "The Book of Huai Nam Tzu," written before 122 B.C. Scribners.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. In Oriental stories we often find bits of wisdom that stay with us long after the book has been read. This story—first passed on by word of mouth—goes back a long way "to the time when the Great Wall of China was almost new." It begins, "Long ago in China, when all the land was fair and green, there lived an old man and his wife. Their life was simple and above all else they loved three things, their son, their horse and their farm." Troubles came: the horse was lost but returned; the son broke his leg riding recklessly. Each time the neighbors came to commiserate. "Sorrow and sadness. Woe and weeping. Ill luck has indeed come to this house!" they wailed. But always the farmer said, "You never can tell. This may turn out to be a good thing after all. You never can tell."

The handsome pictures and the story go on to tell why the old man was right after all. Ages 5-9.

ONE DAY IN AZTEC MEXICO. *By G. B. Kirtland. Drawings by Jerome Snyder. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 40 *pp.* $2.50. Aztec may not be as useful a language as Latin, but almost without the glossary you would guess that "Watch where you're going, you *ixomac cuecuetz!*" means "you silly booby." Also it is not difficult to guess *chocolatl* and *tomatl*. The story, a companion to this author and artist's delightful *One Day in Ancient Rome*, begins with the rising sun and skilfully suggests sun-worship. Aztec customs, pleasant and otherwise, are woven through the narrative—including their method of human sacrifice, which the boy and girl discuss—and here again the author is skilful. There is also a secret, much talked about and kept for the reader almost to the end, unless he has cheated and looked at the last pictures. Jerome Snyder's illustrations are as effective and amusing as ever. Ages 7-10.

TELL IT AGAIN. Great Tales from Around the World. *Edited by Margaret Hodges. Illustrated by Joan Berg. Dial.* 128 *pp.* $3.50. Margaret Hodges has told these stories to Pittsburgh children on radio and television and in the Pittsburgh Library. She here presents them in versions somewhat cut for storytelling—a procedure that I, as a former storyteller, also have used when preparing a story. Miss Hodges's introduction tells how she did her adaptations. Her major contribution to this book is the presentation of some partially forgotten stories. She translates Alphonse Daudet's *Le Dernier Leçon*, a poignant tale, which I have not seen anywhere except in French. However, *The Nuremberg Stove*, by Louise de la Ramée (pseud. Ouida), seems too far from its source. It appears as *The Nürnberg Stove* in the Macmillan Little Library. In its complete form it is long for storytelling, but contains a few charming details Miss Hodges omits. *The City at the Bottom of the Sea* introduces Selma Lagerlöf's *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils*, soon to be seen as a motion picture. *My Mother Is the Most Beautiful Woman in the World* is here, too, as is the poem about the legendary Dutch boy with his finger in the dike.

Unfortunately the book has been given rather mediocre production. Varied ages.

THE LONER. *By Esther Wier. Illustrated by Christine Price. McKay.* 153 *pp.* $3.75. Many people throughout the country fail to recognize the plight of our migrant crop pickers, and especially of the children who drift with them from state to state. Some years ago Doris Gates wrote an affecting story, *The Willow Plate*, which dealt with a child's desire for a permanent home. *The Loner* is a grimmer tale; the boy in it has no name, no parents. When Raidy, the only person who has really shown interest in him, is killed by a potato-picking machine—horrifying but true to life—the boy wanders off in Montana.

A woman sheepherder, known as "Boss," takes him in and finally makes him feel that her ranch is home to him. The events leading up to this seem at times to take too much advantage of coincidence, but the story will keep a boy reading. Ages 9 up.

—From "Jane's Blanket"

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SR's Check List of Current Books

Architecture

NEW ARCHITECTURE IN AFRICA. By Udo Kultermann. Universe. $12.95.

Current Affairs

CITY ON LEAVE: A History of Berlin, 1945-1962. By Philip Windsor. Praeger. $6.50.

CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTING: The Issue of Equal Representation. Brookings Institution. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.95.

OUTER SPACE IN WORLD POLITICS. Edited by Joseph M. Goldsen. Praeger. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.95.

PARTNERSHIP FOR PROGRESS: A Program for Transatlantic Action. By Pierre Uri. Harper & Row. Hardbound, $2.95. Paperback, $1.25.

SOMALI NATIONALISM: International Politics and the Drive for Unity in the Horn of Africa. By Saadia Touval. Harvard Univ. Press. $4.95.

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS, 1962. By Richard P. Stebbins. Harper & Row-Council on Foreign Relations. $6.95.

Essays

ACID TEST. By John Simon. Stein & Day. $5.95.

THE COMMONPLACE BOOK. By George Edward Moore. Edited by Casimir Lewy. Macmillan. $6.50.

PARTY OF TWENTY: Informal Essays from Holiday Magazine. Edited by Clifton Fadiman. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

SAINTE-BEUVE: Selected Essays. Edited and translated by Francis Steegmuller and Norbert Guterman. Doubleday. $4.95.

Fiction

ALL RIGHTEE. By Douglas Hayes. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50.

ALMOST PARADISE. By Luis Spota. Translated by Ray and Renate Morrison. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE ARTIST. By Jan de Hartog. Atheneum. $5.

THE BERLIN STORIES. By Christopher Isherwood. New Directions. Paperback, $1.90. (Reissue.)

EHRENGARD. By Isak Dinesen. Random House. $3.95.

EVERY THIRD THOUGHT. By Dorothea Malm. Doubleday. $3.95.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE. By Hollis Alpert. Doubleday. $3.95. (See page 40.)

GEISHA IN RIVALRY. By Kafu Nagai. Translated by Dr. Kurt Meissner. Tuttle. $4.50.

A HIGH NEW HOUSE. By Thomas Williams. Dial. $4.95.

THE MESSENGER. By Charles Wright. Farrar, Straus. $3.95.

THE MONTH OF THE FALLING LEAVES. By Bruce Marshall. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE PORT. By Henry Beetle Hough. Atheneum. $4.50.

THE ROCK GARDEN. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

SCANDAL IN EDEN. By Garet Rogers. Dial. $4.95.

THE THIRTEENTH. By Melita Maschmann. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50.

WHO WAS THEN THE GENTLEMAN? By Charles Israel. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

THE YANKEE RASCALS. By Carter A. Vaughan. Doubleday. $3.95.

History

CROSSROADS: 1913. By Paul M. Angle. Rand McNally. $5.95.

THE DOUGHBOYS. By Laurence Stallings. Harper & Row. $7.95.

FLORIDA DURING THE CIVIL WAR. By John E. Johns. Univ. of Florida Press. $6.

HERE LIES VIRGINIA: An Archaeologist's View of Colonial Life and History. By Ivor Noël Hume. Knopf. $7.95.

A HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA. By Marjorie Barnard. Praeger. $11.50.

HOW THE FAR EAST WAS LOST: American Policy and the Creation of Communist China, 1941-1949. By Anthony Kubek. Regnery. $8.75.

INDIAN WARS OF THE U.S. ARMY, 1776-1865. By Fairfax Downey. Doubleday. $4.75.

NORTHERN UNDERGROUND: Episodes of Russian Revolutionary Transport and Communications Through Scandinavia and Finland, 1863-1917. By Michael Futrell. Praeger. $6.50.

PREHISTORY AND THE BEGINNINGS OF CIVILIZATION. By Jacquetta Hawkes and Sir Leonard Woolley. Harper & Row. $12.50.

THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC TO 1900. By C. Hartley Grattan. Univ. of Michigan Press. $7.50.

Miscellany

BOOKS RELATING TO THE CIVIL WAR: A Priced Check List, Including Regimental Histories, Lincolniana, and Confederate Imprints. Compiled by John Mebane. Yoseloff. $10.

COMIC ALMANAC. Edited by Thomas Yoseloff. With the original drawings by George Cruikshank. Barnes. $5.

EVOLUTION IN THE ARTS: And Other Theories of Culture History. By Thomas Munro. Abrams. $10.

THE GENTLE ART OF LEXICOGRAPHY: As Pursued and Experienced by an Addict. By Eric Partridge. Macmillan. $3.50.

THE ORIGINS OF THE SEXUAL IMPULSE. By Colin Wilson. Putnam. $4.95.

TAX SAVINGS THROUGH ESTATE PLANNING. By William J. Bowe. Vanderbilt Univ. Press. $3.50.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC: An Illustrated Encyclopedia. 4 Vols. Abrams. Set, $50.

Mysteries

ALICE. By E. V. Cunningham. Doubleday. $3.50.

HOW AWFUL ABOUT ALLAN. By Henry Farrell. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.50.

THE DEAD CAN'T LOVE. By Judson Philips. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

DEATH SCHUSS. By Lillian O'Donnell. Abelard-Schuman. $2.95.

NO. 9 BELMONT SQUARE. By Margaret Erskine. Doubleday. $3.50.

Personal History

ALONE NO LONGER: The Story of a Man Who Refused to Be One of the Living Dead. By Stanley Stein with Lawrence G. Blochman. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.

ARISTOCRAT IN UNIFORM: General Duncan L. Clinch. By Rembert W. Patrick. Univ. of Florida Press. $5.50.

BYZANTINE EMPRESSES, By Charles Diehl. Knopf. $5.95.

CHOPIN: A Pictorial Biography. By André Boucourechliev. Viking. $6.95.

CHARLES DODGSON, SEMEIOTICIAN. By Daniel F. Kirk. Univ. of Florida Press. Paperback, $2.

FACES FROM THE FIRE: The Biography of Sir Archibald McIndoe. By Leonard Mosley. Prentice-Hall. $4.

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE. By Jack Fishman. McKay. $5.95.

POLITICAL HERETICS: From Plato to Mao Tse-tung. By Max Nomad. Univ of Michigan Press. $5.95.

POTOMAC SQUIRE. By Elswyth Thane. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $6.95.

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING: My Life in Sport. By Grantland Rice. Barnes. $5.

JOHN WESLEY: A Theological Biography. Vol. I. By Martin Schmidt. Translated by Normal Goldhawk. Abingdon. $6.50.

WHICH WAY TO THE MELTING POT? By Mircea Vasiliu. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE WORLD IS A WEDDING. By Bernard Kops. Coward-McCann. $5.

Poetry

NEW POEMS. By Robert Graves. Doubleday. $2.95.

THE PENGUIN BOOK OF RELIGIOUS VERSE. Edited by R. S. Thomas. Penguin. Paperback, 85¢.

THREE MIDDLE ENGLISH RELIGIOUS POEMS. Edited by R. H. Bowers. Univ. of Florida Press. Paperback, $2.

Sociology

CUSTOMS AND CULTURE OF THE PHILIPPINES. Compiled by Gladys Zabilka. Tuttle. $3.95.

ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ. By J. Campbell Bruce. McGraw-Hill. $5.50.

EXOTIC JEWISH COMMUNITIES. By Schifra Strizower. Yoseloff. $2.95.

THE FUNNIES: An American Idiom. Edited by David Manning White and Robert H. Abel. Free Press. $7.50.

ITALIAN WOMEN CONFESS: A Documentary Exploration of the Socio-Sexual Relationships Between Italian Men and Women Today. Edited by Gabriella Parca. Translated by Carolyn Gaiser. Farrar, Straus. $4.95.

THIS HUMAN WORLD. By Allen K. Philbrick. Wiley. $7.95.

VIEWS OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN AMERICA. By Frances Wright. Edited by Paul R. Baker. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.50.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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Ugly American

Continued from page 20

good for 100 years' exploitation. Modern schools, modern housing, gardens, a community swimming pool, a hospital, a motion picture theatre, athletic fields, etc., have been built to create an attractive community. All facilities are completely integrated, regardless of race, color, or hierarchical status. The family of a Guinean worker swims in the pool with the family of FRIA's American manager, or French administrator. This is a lesson in equality the Guineans have not overlooked.

At the huge plant there is a technical training school for Guinean apprentices in mechanics, electrical maintenance, motor repair, boiler care, and the 3 Rs. Classes are conducted in French. The purpose is to train Guineans for skilled jobs, and eventually for supervisory and administrative posts. A private railroad was built down to the port of Conakry and special facilities installed there for the swift, efficient loading of FRIA's fleet of ships to transport Guinea's aluminum to the principal ports and aluminum-manufacturing centers of the globe.

Touré has recently encouraged more private investment and enterprise with adequate safeguards to invest in his country. FRIA is his model, for it provides national income, foreign exchange, and employment without propaganda or politics, contributions which in recent months he has been more willing to acknowledge in public.

IT was against this total political and economic background that the opening of the U.S. Trade Fair of the Department of Commerce was such an exciting and significant event in the current pattern of African progress.

To dramatize his increasing friendliness toward the West, President Touré gave the occasion the full pomp and circumstance of his office. In the presence of the entire cabinet and diplomatic corps—except for the conspicuous absence of the French, who are impartially and bitterly opposed to either Russian or American influence in Guinea—he spoke warmly and at length of the meaning of the fair as a source of education and technical development for Guinea in partnership with the United States. Ambassador Attwood and Sargent Shriver both spoke in fluent French to the large audience, a happy contrast to the opening of an earlier Soviet trade fair at which Deputy Prime Minister Mikoyan had to speak through an interperter for what seemed an interminable time. The simple, practical exhibits at the fair were manned by young Guineans, proudly explaining in French to their president and their people how everything worked. At the Russian fair overpowering exhibits unrelated to the economical or technical scale of Guinea were manned by Russians who spoke no French and worked with difficulty through interpreters.

The U.S. fair has attracted an enormous and delighted attendance among the 113,000 residents of the capital and its environs.

Many winds of change are blowing through Guinea as through Africa.

The Guineans, despite some opposition from the Communist-influenced Central Labor Federation, have invited the Peace Corps to send in forty volunteers for projects of simple, practical promise. The volunteers are trained, for example, in agronomy. The chickens of Guinea lay small eggs and it is thought that a modest change in their diet can be worked out that will double the size of the eggs and the rate of production, which would be a major economic and nutritional event. Similar experiments will be tried with cows for both milk and meat. Experts will cruise Guinea's extensive timberlands to take an inventory of trees suitable for commercial exploitation. The volunteers will help set up and operate the palm kernel presses, teach English, and provide assistance in other practical sectors of the economy. A variety of aid and economic development is urgently needed to rescue Guinea's economy, which is in serious difficulty because of the essential failure of the Soviet program.

In an informal discussion Mr. Shriver said recently, "The purpose of the Peace Corps is not to lay so many miles of road or build dams. That is important, but the Peace Corps is interested in creating a human experience, a relationship among individuals of different backgrounds through which they come to understand and respect each other and to learn from each other. If we touch our common humanity, here in Guinea or anywhere else, we shall have fulfilled our mission."

One intriguing possibility tantalizes the Western community here. There are frequent reports, still unconfirmed, that when the buildings for the Russian-supervised polytechnical school are finally completed the Guineans will request that the faculty be primarily American and French.

An American diplomat speculated

"Now I'll be able to catch up on all the reading I never had time for."

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"CYBERNETICS"

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thoughtfully on the uproar in Congress if the U.S. had built a school in Guinea that was subsequently staffed by a Russian faculty, especially after $100,000,000 had been invested in other projects in a vain effort to align the country with the West.

The winds of change in Africa, however, are not just balmy Western breezes.

Recently on the docks here a Soviet shipment of sardines and powdered milk destined for neighboring Portuguese Guinea arrived. Guineans love sardines, so the stevedores managed "accidentally" to drop a crate in order to shake a few cans loose. According to a widely circulated report, out came not sardines but rifles and shells. The "milk" and "sardines" turned out to be arms from Russia for the native rebellion against Portuguese rule, which is being fought as violently in the Portuguese colony next door as in Angola to the south.

The shipment was not stopped in Conakry. It went through without delay, for Touré believes in independence and an end of colonialism, in Africa for the Africans. It is here that the Russians gain sympathy and support while the Guineans and other Africans wonder where the United States really stands.

At the recent all-African summit conference in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, Touré called for joint efforts to end colonialism and foreign rule in Africa, yet he endorsed with uncomprising warmth the efforts of President Kennedy to solve the segregation problem in Alabama and Mississippi. Here in Conakry some of the unfinished tasks of freedom are perhaps better understood than in Birmingham or Jackson.

In his address opening the U.S. fair, Mr. Shriver turned to Touré and said in French, "Mr. President, you once said, 'We prefer poverty in freedom to riches in slavery.' These ringing words remind us of the declaration of an American patriot, Patrick Henry, who in our early history said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'

"Our common determination to preserve freedom insures that our cooperation will be motivated by understanding and not greed. Offering the hand of cooperation and exploitation and dedicated to human dignity and not human subservience, our two nations can contribute mightily to making the twentieth century the age of freedom and prosperity for all men."

The Soviet ambassador listened impassively to these words. Perhaps he was haunted by the presence of ugly Russians in Guinea even as Shriver was exorcising the ghosts of ugly Americans in Africa.

Freedom to Hope

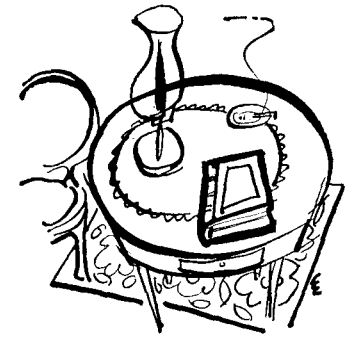
Continued from page 15

instructs us in the comparative survival values of civilizations after the loss of x or y million people.

Even with this relief, however, we are still left with unresolved problems of right and justice, and the temptation of a powerful opponent to take decisions into his own hand; the renewal of warmaking after war-rejection cannot be excluded. This residual doubt neglects the supreme moral capacity of man's spirit: the capacity to create in an opponent the temper we can trust.

It is this capacity that marks the whole sense of "resist not evil" as an improvement on "an eye for an eye." The idea of the "go with him twain" is not that of quiescent submission to outrage; it is that of altering the temper of the enemy. It is the intent of the Rebel of Camus, who in presence of a demand which is unjust, and at the risk of his life, refuses to obey—not because the Rebel is averse to the action, but because the Master at heart is also averse. The Rebel, assured of this, takes the step that creates solidarity. This great conception of Camus is precisely pertinent to the world problem of today. It involves an act of faith, but not the soft-headed acquiescence of dull amiability. Rather, it is faith in a well-thought-out plan of coexistence, and a willingness to risk the consecutive stages of disarmament, on the basis of an achieved certitude about the fundamental motivation of the opponent.

In its program, it would recognize that the "enemy" is the most important member to include in a new world order, based on that recognized necessary agreement that we found as the presupposition of all definable contests, to which a community of widely—and valuably—differing nations is liable. The problems of such a community may not be less formidable than the problems of an obsolete cold war; but they are problems faced with a new joy, a joy deep, solemn, and sacred, a joy of sharing in the process of creation, with the total hierarchy of creative powers of that reality in which we live and move and have our being.



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The Unknown

Continued from page 43

archaeologist's quest. The former purpose wins in the end. Indeed, one wonders why Thompson, the leading Maya authority alive today, has concentrated so much on local-color chattiness at the expense of the intellectual adventure.

Anecdotal focus rests heavily on the primitive laborers, their sleepy towns, the magnate potentials of the area, native drunkenness and dancing, journeys to and from ports of entry and archaeological sites, the present Negro-Carib-Maya-Yucatec-British population. Sites and finds are not always set in sufficient perspective either for the Maya student or the uninformed, interested reader. Thus, Thompson refers to the stunning discovery at Uaxactun, labeled E VII Sub, merely as "un-Maya," without mention that others re-

gard it as the key link tying the Classic Maya to a preceding cultural complex, the so-called Olmec. Thompson offers neither a depth analysis of E VII Sub, his highly valued opinions on it, nor a successful popularizing explanation. His references to it, on site, are archaeologically meager, while a travel-folder-type bouquet speaks of "reposeful beauty by the magic touch of moonlight."

Nor does Thompson give us his view of the leading Americanologists who shared yesteryear's digs with him; Morley alone is glimpsed (as somewhat comical without intending to be so) among many distinguished names mentioned. A glossary defines such well-known terms as "gringo" and "tortillas"; yet the neighboring Maya architectural styles "Río Bec" and "Petén" are never fully qualified. The incomplete information concerning important sites and scholars eyewitnessed by Thompson and belonging to his era balances off poorly against the colorful travelogue accounts.

Today air strips and archaeological teams have mainly replaced the mule-borne Maya excavators of the past. Yet Thompson's shadow still looms large over the field. In *Maya Archaeologist* he speaks too little about what the reader would expect him to discuss the most: Maya archaeology, what he found in the dirt and his interpretive conclusions thereupon.

—Alfred Sundel.

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SITTERS AND SUNNERS, hikers, readers and writers: luxuriate in the tranquility of our breezy, hilltop terrace, our shaded lanes, the simple beauty and serenity of Southern Vermont's finest country inn. Marlboro Music, lakes, tennis, golf nearby. Spacious rooms and lounges, imaginative cuisine. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont.

PARADISE STREAM RESORT MOTEL, in Mt. Pocono, Pennsylvania, is a secluded resort, informal, and in good taste. 717-839-7272.

INDOLENCE! PRIVACY, INFORMALITY! No Neon! Hundreds miles waterways, trails; all sports. Music Festivals, weekly concerts, summer stock, art colony. Idyllic Adirondack setting, sleeping bags through mansions. Brochures. Vacation Bureau, Schroon Lake, New York.

DISCOVER A MOUNTAIN RETREAT you'll want to come back to. Summit Lodge, Killington, Vermont.

CAPE COD — casual vacation, de luxe trailer (private toilet), directly on waterfront, center of Cape. Sleeps up to 8. $51.00 weekly, with utilities. Box 458, Brewster, Massachusetts.

WOOD'S LODGE on Schroon Lake, N. Y. Informal, Beach, Tennis, Shuffleboard; Fun, Relaxation. Folder.

MOUNTAIN AND BEACH VACATION, Hendersonville, N.C. Elevation 2300', bordering Great Smokies. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages. Sand bathing beach, boating, horseback riding, golf, good food. Literate, congenial, informal. Lower June and September rates. Folder.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

PEMAQUID SEMINAR. 7th year: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. For 1963 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

40th YEAR of contented living. Won't you join us? Booklet. Naidni on Lake Dunmore, Brandon, Vermont.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. No cottages. Folder.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

ROAD'S END—A rustic Adirondack Camp directly on lake. Fishing, boating and swimming. Modern housekeeping cottages and single rooms. All meals if desired. Road's End, Lake Pleasant 2, Hamilton County, New York.

IN FT. LAUDERDALE, take FRENCH LEAVE. Efficiencies, bedroom apartments, TV, Pool, Public beach. FREE Color Brochure. Write: FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

(Continued on page 54)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 53)

THE FALES. Berkshire beauty — cottages — rooms — dining room. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

CRUISE ABOARD your own private charter yacht. Now is the time to book for summer months in the GREEK ISLANDS or the CARIBBEAN WINDWARD & LEEWARD ISLANDS. Write airmail:—V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons (Antigua) Ltd., P.O. Box 103, Antigua, West Indies.

YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL—the beauty, the peace, the superb food, the friendly, informal atmosphere. Winhall Mountain Lodge, Manchester, Vermont.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

REFRESHINGLY MAINE — Overlooking ocean, beach. Art colony, theatre. Informal, excellent food. Brochure. Hillcrest Inn, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish Cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, Tennis, Beach, Water Skiing. Couples, Families $90+ weekly. NYC DEwey 9-5730; Long Island Phone RO 4-7141.

VACATION BY THE SEA. Scenic location overlooking ocean. Private beach. Excellent meals. Modified American and European plans. All summer sports. Near shops, art colony, summer theatre. AAA. Folder. The Ontio, Ogunquit 1, Maine.

OLD WORLD CHARM. Beds turned down each night. Beautiful Eighteenth Century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

ADIRONDACKS. Small, informal. Hiking, picnics, fishing; a hammock in the sun or a rocking chair by the fire. Activities for children. Folder. Trail's End, Keene Valley, New York.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

BLUEBERRY HILL! June days! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . New England hospitality in modern setting at congenial, complete White Mountain resort. Prize-winning chef. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

POCONOS UNIQUE ADULT RESORT, Friedman's Country Villa, Bushkill, Pennsylvania. Free Golf, Tennis, Swimming, Boating, Entertainment, Dancing. Phone 717-588-6611; NYC, MUrray Hill 5-8217.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open Summer and Winter. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. AAA. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates, June to mid-September. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 8, Maine.

BRANDON INN. Charm of yesteryear, convenience of the modern. Restful. On village green near library. 2-acre garden lawn. Elevator, sprinkler. Exceptional food. Folder. Brandon 2, Vermont.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

VACATIONS

RELAX. Like to get away from it all? Here you can sit in the sun and remember, or lie in the shade and forget. Take your choice. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. Within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

VACATION IN JULY? Lovely warm daylight hours in the Adirondack foothills. Irondequoit Club, Piseco, New York.

ALOHA MANOR FAMILY BUNGALOWS, Farm House Inn Resort, "Sleep-Away" or Day Camp for children. Swimming, sailing, water skiing. Pony, tennis. Golf: 2 miles or 20 at Dartmouth and Summer theatre. Booklet: Harriet Gulick Pierce, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland in a setting of rare, natural beauty. 2,150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, trout fishing. Excellent food, accommodations, genuine hospitality. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch invite you.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. June to October 15th. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

NATURE LOVERS, creative people. Find peace, quiet, beautiful scenery, charming old-world home, Individualized cooking. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y., near lovely Cooperstown.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Excellent food, beautiful country. Rooms and cottages.

WEST DOVER INN. Quiet, picturesque village. West Dover, Vermont. Brochure.

FARMS AND HOTELS for adults and families, near New York. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

EAST BAY LODGE on Cape Cod, only 100 yards from the sea. Warm salt water swimming. All summer sports, planned activities. $13 up daily includes three superlative meals. Opens June 28th. Contact Gordon Trolley, Osterville 6, Massachusetts.

WATCH ROCK LODGE, Adirondack, N.Y. On Schroon Lake. Spacious rooms, Jewish-American Cuisine. Sports. Instruction: Dancing, Water Skiing. Sand beach. Excellent children's Day Camp. Family Plan Special. Weekly $66 and $78, child 2/3. FLushing 8-8830 NYC.

CRESTWOOD, a charming Colonial Manor on a wooded knoll overlooking Peconic Bay. On beautiful Nassau Point. Continental Cuisine. For reservations, call 516-PE 4-9092 or write to Adele Posner, Peconic, N.Y.

MERRIEWOODE, Highland Lake, Stoddard, N.H. Suggest that if you must have intelligent companionship, great beauty of environment, good food and plentiful, and things to do, MERRIEWOODE has them all to give. Opens July 3rd. Non-sectarian. MERRIEWOODE, 63-23 Cromwell Crescent, Rego Park 74, N.Y., BRowning 5-9777.

TRAVEL

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 21st edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 112 pages fully illustrated, price $2.75 postpaid. (No C.O.D.s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

TRAVEL

SOUTH AFRICA'S WILD COAST is the big-game fisherman's dream! See it yourself—together with great game reserves, mountains, tribal villages, cosmopolitan cities. Less cost per day the longer you stay. Superb literature from SATOUR, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, or 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.

ALAN WATTS Japan Tour 6 weeks Autumn 1963. Write Society for Comparative Philosophy, Room 601, 323 Geary Street, San Francisco, California.

STUDENT TRAVEL STUDENTS CAN AFFORD. 35 exciting itineraries, 35-60 land days, from $660 (including transportation). U.S. National Student Association, Dept. SR, 20 West 38th Street, New York 18.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town. Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

EUROPEAN TOURS, 1963: June sailings, 28-60 days in Europe, $1,092-$1,495. Young Adults Tour, $1,375. Write Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (SR), Northfield, Minnesota.

WINDJAMMER CRUISES — Here's adventure right out of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard world's largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurely explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete barefoot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush, pretentious resorts, there's Sailing, Fishing, Skindiving, and a daily ration of Grog, with small, friendly, coed group. 10 Days Before the Mast—$175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, Dept. 23, P.O. Box 1051, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

CRUISE THE MAINE COAST. Sail aboard the Schooner "Stephen Taber." $125 weekly, special rates for June and September. For illustrated folder write Capt. Cy Cousins, Down East Cruises, East Blue Hill, Maine. Telephone Blue Hill 374-2285.

PHILADELPHIA (Penn Campus, "University City") Culture continues through Summer: concerts, theatres, museums. $5 single, $7 double, none higher, all private baths, most television and air-conditioned. NEW MARLYN HOTEL, Walnut at 40th. 215-EVergreen 6-7100.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. 10F, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single studio rooms, private bath, $26 per week. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

MEN WANTED TO TRAVEL—Limited openings—15% savings for assistant Tour Escorts on BACHELOR PARTY® TOURS to Europe, Mexico, Hawaii, Caribbean. Contact Fred Ruoff, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, PLaza 8-2433.

BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL has special WEEKEND rates—most attractive package plans for luxurious two- and three-day stays. Write or call for reservations. If you're driving to New York, ask for the road map showing how to avoid city traffic. You'll enjoy your visit because you're so near everything: theatres, shops, museums, art galleries, the United Nations. Two popular-priced restaurants offer delicious food. The Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge is delightful and commands breathtaking views of the city and the East River. Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street and 1st Avenue, New York 17, 212-EL 5-7300.

EUROPEAN TOURS—Volkswagen bus, small groups, experienced guide. 65 days, $1,100, 35 days, $500. Write Windom, 6BIS Rue D'Auteuil, Paris, France.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1524

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Garb.	170 162 190 207 183 96 132 127 121 83
B. Wisdom that comes too late to be of use.	10 125 31 20 161 204 53 154
C. The Taxaceae (2 wds.).	16 114 194 197 171 73 18 88 27
D. Urging, instigating (2 wds.).	173 2 189 101 148 137 203 37
E. *Small, harmless, amphibious lizard.*	93 179 15 42 131 110 102 113 141 26
F. Prototype of the society dandy, friend of George IV of England (2 wds.).	174 79 86 198 69 206 191 186 126 138 32 112
G. Combines with others to form a group, to promote a game or other project, carry forward a discussion, etc. (3 wds.).	129 185 66 85 149 44 47 166 180
H. Terrify; appall.	61 11 201 91 84 46 152 122
I. Courtesies; evidences of good breeding.	163 143 172 29 58 34 139 63 120 155
J. To burden excessively.	48 19 41 157 199 136 116 59
K. A gum resin similar to myrrh.	182 65 205 98 28 14 153 119
L. Obstinate (comp.).	39 25 202 95 5 105 54 111 70 134
M. Undoing (something) by turning rapidly and lightly with the fingers.	6 82 106 60 64 3 178 68 144 103

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Conjunction frequently correlative to *but also* (2 wds.).	9 147 115 90 45 87 169
O. U.S. Senator from South Carolina before Civil War, famous for his speech ending "Cotton is king!"	118 36 109 167 94 21 67
P. In the direction from river to river (common expression in New York City; 2 wds.).	195 75 142 184 123 165 22 124 40 51
Q. Professional oyster or clam fisherman esp. in a small way.	7 43 23 17 209 133 62
R. Agreeably stimulating to the taste, in foods, writing, manner.	78 193 145 50 159 188 192
S. *Name given to the fairly recent, organized, teleological activity in promoting the health, welfare, diversions, etc. of the rising generation* (2 wds.; WNI III).	38 56 146 135 107 13 76 100 74 92 4 177 49
T. Four as a product (2 wds.).	97 55 99 117 81 151 104 72
U. Insulting.	168 35 89 160 156 128 30 187 24 181
V. Extraordinary ray of *light* "amplified by stimulated emission of radiation"—called recently in *Reader's Digest* the "Light of Hope—or Terror?" (2 wds.).	200 130 108 33 57 158 176 12 77
W. Derived from the muscle sense.	164 1 208 175 196 80 140 150 52 8 71

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 W		2 D	3 M	4 S	5 L		6 M	7 Q		8 W	9 N		10 B		11 H
12 V	13 S	14 K	15 E	16 C		17 Q	18 C	19 J	20 B	21 O		22 P	23 Q		24 U	25 L	26 E	27 C
	28 K	29 I	30 U	31 B	32 F	33 V		34 I	35 U		36 O	37 D	38 S		39 L	40 P	41 J	42 E
43 Q	44 G	45 N	46 H		47 G	48 J	49 S		50 R	51 P	52 W	53 B	54 L		55 T	56 S	57 V	58 I
59 J		60 M	61 H	62 Q		63 I	64 M		65 K	66 G	67 O		68 M		69 F	70 L	71 W	72 T
73 C	74 S		75 P	76 S	77 V	78 R	79 F	80 W	81 T	82 M	83 A		84 H	85 G		86 F	87 N	88 C
	89 U	90 N	91 H	92 S	93 E		94 O	95 L		96 A	97 T		98 K	99 T	100 S	101 D	102 E	103 M
	104 T	105 L	106 M	107 S		108 V	109 O	110 E	111 L	112 F		113 E	114 C	115 N	116 J	117 T	118 O	119 K
120 I	121 A	122 H	123 P		124 P	125 B		126 F	127 A	128 U		129 G	130 V	131 E	132 A	133 Q	134 L	
135 S	136 J	137 D	138 F	139 I	140 W	141 E	142 P		143 I	144 M		145 R	146 S	147 N	148 D	149 G	150 W	151 T
	152 H	153 K	154 B	155 I		156 U	157 J		158 V	159 R	160 U	161 B	162 A	163 I	164 W	165 P		166 G
	167 O	168 U	169 N		170 A	171 C	172 I	173 D		174 F	175 W	176 V	177 S		178 M	179 E	180 G	181 U
	182 K	183 A	184 P	185 G	186 F	187 U	188 R	189 D		190 A	191 F	192 R		193 R		194 C	195 P	196 W
	197 C	198 F	199 J	200 V		201 H	202 L	203 D	204 B	205 K	206 F	207 A	208 W	209 Q				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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